

1507/591
THE
Provok'd Wife.

A
COMEDY.

In which is inserted, an Original
SCENE, never before printed.

Written by Sir JOHN VANBRUGH.



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M,DCC,LXI.



PROLOGUE.

Since 'tis th' Intent and Business of the Stage,
To copy out the Follies of the Age;
To hold to every Man a faithful Glass,
And shew him of what Species he's an Ass;
I hope the next that teaches in the School,
Will shew our Author he's a scribbling Fool,
And that the Satyr may be sure to bite,
Kind Heaven inspire some venom'd Priest to write,
And grant some ugly Lady may indite—
For I wou'd have him lash'd, by Heavens, I wou'd,
'Till his Presumption swam away in blood.
Three Plays at once proclaims a Face of brass,
No matter what they are, that's not the Case;
To write three Plays, e'en that's to be an ass.
But what I least forgive, he knows it too;
For to his cost he lately has known you.
Experience shews, to many a Writer's smart,
You hold a Court where Mercy ne'er had Part;
So much of the old Serpent's sting you have,
You love to damn, as Heaven delights to save.
In foreign parts, let a bold Volunteer,
For publick good upon the stage appear,
He meets ten thousand smiles to dissipate his fear.
All tickle on the adventuring young beginner,
And only scourge the incorrigible sinner:
They touch indeed his faults, but with a Hand
So gentle, that his Merit still may stand:
Kindly they buoy the follies of his pen,
That he may shun 'em when he writes again.
But 'tis not so, in this good natur'd Town,
All's one, an Ox, a Poet, or a Crown:
Old ENGLAND's Play was always knocking down.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

CONSTANT.

HEARTFREE.

Sir JOHN BRUTE.

TREBLE, a Singing-Master,

RASOR, Valet de Chambre to Sir *John Brute*.

Justice of the Peace.

LORD RAKE, } Companions to Sir *John Brute*.

Coll. BULLY. }

Constable and Watch.

W O M E N.

Lady BRUTE.

BELINDA, her Niece,

Lady FANCIFUL.

Mademoiselle.

CORNET and PIPE, Servants to Lady *Fanciful*.



T H E.

Provok'd Wife.

A C T I.

SCENE, *Sir John Brute's House.*

Sir John, solus.

WHAT cloying Meat is Love, when Matrimony's the Sauce to it? Two years Marriage has debauch'd my five senses, Every thing I see, every thing I hear, every thing I feel, every thing I smell, and every Thing I taste — methinks has Wife in't.

No Boy was ever so weary of his Tutor, no Girl of her Bib, no Nun of doing Penance, nor old Maid of being chaste, as I am of being married.

Sure there's a secret Curse entail'd upon the very name of Wife. My Lady is a young Lady, a fine Lady, a witty Lady, a virtuous Lady—and yet I hate her. There is but one Thing on Earth I loath beyond her; that's fighting. Would my Courage come up but to a fourth Part of my Ill nature, I'd stand buff to her Relations, and thrust her out of Doors. But Marriage has sunk me down to such an Ebb of Resolution, I dare not draw my Sword, tho' even to get rid of my Wife. But here she comes.

Enter Lady BRUTE.

L. B. Do you dine at home to day, Sir *John*?

Sir *Job*. Why do you expect I shou'd tell you, what I don't know myself?

L. B. I thought there was no Harm in asking you.

Sir Job. If thinking wrong were an Excuse for Impertinence, Women might be justify'd in most Things they say, or do.

L. B. I'm sorry I've said any Thing to displease you.

Sir Job. Sorrow for Things past, is of as little Importance to me, as my dining at home or abroad ought to be to you.

L. B. My Enquiry was only that I might have provided what you lik'd.

Sir Job. Six to four you had been in the wrong there again ; for what I lik'd yesterday I don't like to-day ; and what I like to-day, 'tis odds I mayn't like to-morrow.

L. B. But if I had ask'd you what you lik'd ?

Sir Job. Why then there would have been more asking about it, than the Thing was worth.

L. B. I wish I did but know how I might please you.

Sir Job. Ay, but that Sort of Knowledge is not a Wife's Talent.

L. B. Whate'er my Talent is, I'm sure my will has ever been to make you easy.

Sir Job. If Women were to have their Wills, the World would be finely govern'd.

L. B. What reason have I given you to use me as you do of late ? It once was otherwise : You married me for Love,

Sir Job. And you me for Money : So you have your Reward, and I have mine.

L. B. What is it that disturbs you ?

Sir Job. A Parson.

L. B. Why, what has he done to you ?

Sir Job. He has married me.

[Exit Sir John

Lady BRUTE, sola.

The Devil's in the Fellow, I think—I was told before I married him, that thus 'twou'd be : But I thought I had Charms enough to govern him ; and that where there was an Estate, a Woman must needs be happy ; so my Vanity has deceiv'd me, and my Ambition has made me uneasy. But some Comfort still ; if one would be reveng'd of him, these are the best Times ; a woman may have



have a Gallant, and a separate Maintenance too—The surly Puppy—yet he's a fool for't: For hitherto he has been no Monster: But who knows how far he may provoke me. I never lov'd him yet, I have been ever true to him; and that, in spite of all the Attacks of Art and Nature upon a poor weak Woman's Heart, in favour of a tempting Lover.

Methinks so noble a defence as I have made, should be rewarded with better Usage—Or who can tell? Perhaps a good Part of what I suffer from my Husband, may be a Judgment upon me for my cruelty to my Lover—Lord with what Pleasure cou'd I indulge that thought, were there but a Possibility of finding Arguments to make it good!—And how do I know but there may—Let me see—What opposes? My matrimonial vow—Why, what did I vow? I think I promis'd to be true to my Husband.

Well; and he promis'd to be kind to me.

But he ha'n't kept his Word—

Why then I'm absolv'd from mine—ay that seems clear to me. The Argument's good between the King and the People, why not between the Husband and Wife? O, but that Condition was not express'd—No matter 'twas understood.

Well, by all I see, if I argue the Matter a little longer with myself, I shan't find so many Bugbears in the way, as I thought I should. Lord, what fine Notions of Virtue do we Women take up, upon the Credit of old foolish Philosophers! Virtue's it's own Reward, Virtue's this, Virtue's that—Virtue's an Afs, and a Gallant's worth forty on't.

Enter BELINDA.

L. B. Good-morrow, dear Cousin.

Bel. Good-morrow, Madam; you look pleas'd this Morning,

L. B. I am so.

Bel. With what, pray?

L. B. With my Husband.

Bel. Drown Husbands, for yours is a provoking Fellow: As he went out just now, I pray'd him to tell me what

Time of Day 'twas ; and he ask'd me if I took him for the Church-Clock, that was obliged to tell all the Parish.

L. B. He has been saying some good obliging Things to me too. In short, *Belinda*, he has us'd me so barbarously of late, that I cou'd almost resolve to play the downright Wife—and cuckold him.

Bel. That wou'd be downright indeed.

L. B. Why, after all, there's more to be said for't than you'd imagine Child. I know, according to the strict Statute-Law of Religion I shou'd do wrong, but if there were a Court of Chancery in Heaven, I'm sure I shou'd cast him.

Bel. If there were a House of Lords you might.

L. B. In either I should infalliably carry my Cause—Why, he is the first Aggressor, not I.

Bel. Ay, but you know we must return Good for Evil.

L. B. That may be a Mistake in the Translation—Prithee be of my Opinion, *Belinda*, for I'm positive I'm in the right ; and if you'll keep up the Prerogative of a Woman, you'll likewise be positive you are in the right, when ever you do any Thing you have a Mind to. But I shall play the fool and jest on, till I make you begin to think I'm in earnest.

Bel. I shan't take the Liberty, Madam, to think of any thing you desire to keep a Secret from me.

L. B. Alas, my dear, I have no Secrets. My Heart cou'd never yet confine my Tongue.

Bel. Your Eyes, you mean ; for I'm sure I have seen them gadding, when your Tongue has been lockt up safe enough.

L. B. My eyes gadding ! Prithee after who, Child ?

Bel. Why, after one that thinks you hate him as much as I know you love him.

L. B. *Constant* you mean ?

Bel. I do so.

L. B. Lord what shou'd put such a thing into your Head ?

Bel. That which puts things into most Peoples Heads ; Observation.

L. B. Why what have you observ'd in the Name of Wonder ?

Bel.

Bel. I have observ'd you blush when you met him, force yourself away from him ; and then be out of Humour with every thing about you : In a word, never was poor Creature so spurr'd on by Desire, and so rein'd in with Fear

L. B. How strong is fancy !

Bel. How weak is Woman !

L. B. Prithee Niece, have a better Opinion of your Aunt's Inclination.

Bel. Dear Aunt, have a better Opinion of your Niece's Understanding.

L. B. You'll make me angry.

Bel. You'll make me laugh.

L. B. Then you are resolv'd to persist ?

Bel. Positively.

L. B. And all I can say—

Bel. Will signify nothing.

L. B. Tho' I should swear 'twere false—

Bel. I shou'd think it true.

L. B. Then let us both forgive (*Kissing her*) for we have both offended ; I in making a Secret, you in discovering it.

Bel. Good-nature may do much : But you have more Reason to forgive one, than I have to pardon t'other.

L. B. 'Tis true *Belinda*, you have given me so many Proofs of your Friendship, that my Reserve has been indeed a Crime: But that you may more easily forgive me, remember, Child, that when our Nature prompts us to a Thing our Honour and Religion have forbid us, we wou'd (wer't possible) conceal even from the Soul itself, the Knowledge of the Body's Weakness.

Bel. Well, I hope to make your Friend amends, you'll hide nothing from her for the future, tho' the Body shou'd still grow weaker and weaker.

L. B. No, from this Moment I have no more Reserve ; and for a Proof of my Repentance, I own, *Belinda*, I'm in danger. Merit and Wit assault me from without ; Nature and Love sollicit me within : My Husband's barbarous Usage piques me to Revenge ; and *Satan* catching at the fair Occasion, throws in my way that Vengeance, which of all Vengeance pleases Woman best.

Bel. 'Tis well *Constant* don't know the weakness of the Fortifications; for o'my Conscience he'd soon come on to the Assault.

L. B. Ay, I'm afraid carry the Town too. But whatever you may have observ'd, I have dissembled so well as to keep him ignorant. So you see I'm no Coquet, *Belinda*: And if you'll follow my advice, you'll never be one neither. 'Tis true, Coquetry is one of the main Ingredients in the natural Composition of a Woman, and I, as well as others, could be well enough pleas'd to see a Crowd of young Fellows, ogling and glancing, and watching all Occasions to do forty foolish officious Things: Nay, shou'd some of 'em fall on, even to hanging or drowning: Why — Faith — if I should let pure Woman alone, I shou'd e'en be but too well pleas'd with't.

Bel. I'll swear twould tickle me strangely.

L. B. But after all, 'tis a vicious Practice in us, to give the least Encouragement, but where we design to come to a conclusion. For 'tis an unreasonable Thing to engage a Man in a Disease, which we before-hand resolve we never will apply a Cure to.

Bel. 'Tis true; but then a Woman must abandon one of the supream Blessings of her Life. For I am fully convinc'd, no Man has half that Pleasure in possessing a Mistress, as Woman has in jilting a Gallant.

L. B. The happiest Woman then on Earth must be our Neighbour.

Bel. O the impertinent Composition! She has Vanity and Affectation enough to make her a ridiculous Original, in spite of all that Art and Nature ever furnish'd to any of her Sex before her.

L. B. She concludes all men her captives; and whatever Course they take, it serves to confirm her in that Opinion.

Bel. If they shun her, she thinks 'tis Modesty, and takes it for a Proof of their Passion.

L. B. And if they are rude to her, 'tis Conduct, and done to prevent town-talk.

Bel. When her folly makes 'em laugh, she thinks they are pleas'd with her Wit.

L. B. And when her Impertinence makes 'em dull, concludes they are jealous of her Favours.

Bel.

Bel. All their Actions and their Words, she takes for granted, aim at her.

L. B. And pities all other Women, because she thinks they envy her.

Bel. Pray, out of Pity to ourselves, let us find a better Subject ; for I'm weary of this. Do you think your Husband inclined to Jealousy ?

L. B. O, no ; he does not love me well enough for that. Lord, how wrong Mens Maxims are ! They are seldom jealous of their Wives, unless they are very fond of 'em ; whereas they ought to consider the Womens Inclinations, for there depends their Fate. Well, Men may talk ; but they are not so wise as we—that's certain.

Bel. At least in our Affairs.

L. B. Nay, I believe we shou'd outdo 'em in the Business of the State too ; For, methinks, they do and undo, and make but bad Work on't.

Bel. Why then don't we get into the Intrigues of Government as well as they ?

L. B. Because we have Intrigues of our own, that make us more Sport, Child. And so let's in and consider of 'em.

(Exeunt.)

S C E N E, *A Dressing-Room.*

Enter Lady FANCIFUL, Mademoiselle, and CORNET.

L. Fan. How do I look this Morning ?

Cor. Your Ladyship looks very ill, truly.

L. Fan. Lard, how ill-natur'd thou art, *Cornet*, to tell me so, tho' the Thing shou'd be true. Don't you know that I have Humility enough to be but too easily out of Conceit with myself. Hold the Glass ; I dare swear that will have more Manners than you have. *Mademoiselle*, let me have your Opinion too.

Mad. My opinion. pe, Matam, dat your Ladyship never look so well in your Life.

L. Fan. Well, the *French* are the prettiest obliging People ; they say the most acceptable, well-manner'd Things — and never flatter.

Mad. Your Ladyship say great Justice intend.

L. Fan. Nay, every thing's just in my house but *Cornet*. The very looking glass gives her the *dementi*. But I'm almost

almost afraid it flatters me, it makes me look so very engaging.

(*Looking affectedly in the Glass.*)

Mad. Inteed, Matam, your Face pe handsomer den all de Looking-Glasses in tee World, *croyez-moy*.

L. Fan. But is it possible my Eyes can be so languishing—and so very full of Fire?

Mad. Matam, if de Glass was Burning-glass, I believe your Eyes set de fire in de House.

L. Fan. You may take that Night-gown, *Mademoiselle*: Get out of the Room, *Cornet*; I can't endure you. This Wench, methinks, does not look so unsufferably ugly.

Mad. Every ting look ugly, Matam, dat stand by your Latyship.

L. Fan. No really, *Mademoiselle*, methinks you look mighty pretty.

Mad. Ah, Matam; de Moon have no *eclat*, ven de Sun appear,

L. Fan. O pretty Expression! Have you ever been in love, *Mademoiselle*?

Mad. Ouy, Matam,

[*Sighing.*]

L. Fan. And were you belov'd again?

Mad. No, Matam.

[*Sighing.*]

L. Fan. O ye Gods! What an unfortunate Creature should I be in such a Case! But nature has made me nice for my own defence; I'm nice, strangely nice, *Mademoiselle*, I believe were the merit of whole mankind bestow'd upon one single person, I should still think the Fellow wanted something to make it worth my while to take notice of him: And yet I could love; nay, fondly love, were it possible to have a thing made on purpose for me: For I'm not cruel, *Mademoiselle*; I'm only nice.

Mad. Ah, Matam, I wish I was fine Gentleman for your Sake, I do all de Ting in de World to get leetel way into your Heart. I make Song, I make Verse, I give you de Serenade, I give great many Present to *Mademoiselle*; I no eat, I no sleep, I be lean, I be mad, I hang myself, I drown myself. *Ah me chere Dame, qui je vous aimerois!*

[*Embracing her.*]

L. Fan. Well, the French have strange obliging ways with 'em: You may take those two pair of Gloves, *Mademoiselle*.

Mad-

Mad. Me humbly tanke my sweet Lady.

Enter CORNET.

Cor. Madam, here's a Letter for your Ladyship by the Penny-post.

L. Fan. Some new Conquest, I'll warrant you. For without Vanity, I look'd extremely clear last Night, when I went to the Park.

O agreeable! Here's a new Song made of me. And ready set too. O thou welcome Thing, (*Kissing it.*) Call Pipe hither: She shall sing it instantly.

Enter PIPE.

Here, sing me this new Song, Pipe.

S O N G.

I.

Fly, fly you happy Shepherds, fly;
 Avoid Philira's Charms;
 The Rigour of her Heart denies
 The Heaven that's in her Arms.
 Ne'er hope to gaze, and then retire,
 Nor yielding, to be blest:
 Nature who form'd her Eyes of Fire,
 Of Ice compos'd her Breast.

II.

Yet lovely Maid, this once believe,
 A Slave whose Zeal you move:
 The God's, alas, your Youth deceive,
 The Heav'n consists in Love,
 In spite of all the Thanks you owe,
 You may reproach 'em this,
 That where they did their form bestow
 They have deny'd their bliss.

L. Fan. Well, there may be Faults, *Mademoiselle*; but the Design is so very obliging, 'twould be a matchless Ingratitude in me to discover 'em.

Mad. May foy, Matam, I tink de Gentilman's Song tell you de trute. If you never love, you never be happy — *Ab—que j'aime l'amour moy.*

Enter Servant with another Letter.

Ser. Madam, here's another Letter for your Ladyship.

L. Fan. 'Tis thus I am importun'd every Morning, *Mademoiselle*. Pray how do the French Ladies when they are thus *accablées*?

Mad.

Mad. Matam, dey never complain. *Au contraire*. When one *Frense* Laty have got hundred Lovers—Den she do all she can—to get hundred more.

L. Fan. Well, strike me dead, I think they have *le gout bon*. For 'tis an unreasonable Pleasure to be ador'd by all the Men, and envy'd by all the Women—Yet I'll swear I'm concern'd at the Torture I give 'em. Lard, why was I form'd to make the whole Creation uneasy? But let me read my Letter. [Reads]

“ If you have a Mind to hear of your Faults, instead of
“ being prais'd for your Virtues, take the pains to walk in
“ the Green-Walk in St. *James's* with your Woman an
“ hour hence. You'll there meet one, who hates you for
“ some things, as he could love you for others, and there-
“ fore is willing to endeavour your Reformation—If you
“ come to the Place I mention, you'll know who I am;
“ if you don't, you never shall, so take your Choice.

This is strangely familiar, *Mademoiselle*; now have I a provoking fancy to know who this impudent Fellow is.

Mad. Den take your Scarf and your Mask, and go to de Rendezvous. De *Frense* Laty do *justement comme ca*.

L. Fan. Rendezvous! What, rendezvous with a Man, *Mademoiselle*?

Mad. Eh, *pourquay non*?

L. Fan. What! And a Man perhaps I never saw in my Life.

Mad. *Tant mieux*: *C'est donc quelque chose de nouveau*.

L. Fan. Why, how do I know what Designs he may have. He may intend to ravish me, for ought I know.

Mad. Ravish!—*Bagatelle*. I would fain see one impudent Rogue ravish *Mademoiselle*. *Ouy, je la voudrois*.

L. Fan. O but my Reputation, *Mademoiselle*, my Reputation; *ah ma chere Reputation*.

Mad. Matam—*Quand on l' a une fois perdue—on n'en est plus embarrassee*.

L. Fan. Fe *Mademoiselle*, Fe: Reputation is a Jewel.

Mad. *Qui coute bien chere Matam*.

L. Fan. Why sure you would not sacrifice your Honour to your Pleasure?

Mad. *Je suis Philosophe*.

L. Fan. Bless me, how you talk! Why, what if Honour be a Burthen, *Mademoiselle*, must it not be borne?

Mad.

Mad. *Chaqu'un a sa facon*——*Quand quelque chose m'incommode moy—je m'en defais, vite,*

L. Fan. Get you gone, you little naughty French-woman you ; I vow and swear, I must turn you out of Doors, if you talk thus.

Mad. Turn me out Doors !——Turn yourself out of Doors, and go see what de Gentleman have to say to you——*Tenez Voilà (Giving her her Things hastily.)* *votre echarpe, voila votre quoise, voila votre masque, voila tout.*

Hey, Mercure, Coquin ; call one Chair for Matam, and one oder (*Calling within.*) for me, *Va t'en vite.*

[Turning to her Lady, and helping her on hastily with her Things.

Allons, Matam ; depechez vous donc. Mon Dieu, quelles scrupules.

L. Fan. Well, for once. *Mademoiselle*, I'll follow your Advice, out of the intemperate Desire I have to know who this ill-bred Fellow is. But I have too much delicatessse, to make a Practice on't.

Mad. *Belle chose vraiment que la delicatessse, lors qu'il s'agit de se devertir—Aca—Vous voila equipée ; partons. —He bien !—qu'avez vous donc ?*

L. Fan. *J'ay peur,*

Mad. *Je n'en ay point moy.*

L. Fan. I dare not go.

Mad. *Demeurez donc,*

L. Fan. *Je suis poltrone.*

Mad. *Tant pis pour vous.*

L. Fan. Curiosity's a wicked Devil.

Mad. *C'est une charmente Sainte.*

L. Fan. It ruin'd our first Parents.

Mad. *Elle a bien diverti leurs Enfans.*

L. Fan. *L' honneur est contre.*

Mad. *Le plaisir est pour.*

L. Fan. Must I then go ?

Mad. Must you go ?—must you eat, must you drink, must you sleep, must you live ? De Nature bid you do one, de Nature bid you do toder. *Vous me feriez enrager.*

L. Fan. But when Reason corrects Nature *Mademoiselle ?*

Mad. *Elle est donc bien insolente, c'est sa Sœur aînée*

L. Fan.

L. Fan. Do you then prefer your Nature to your Reason, *Mademoiselle*?

Mad. *Ouy da.*

L. Fan. *Pourquoy?*

Mad. Because my Nature make me merry, my Reason make me mad.

L. Fan. *Ab la mechante Francoise.*

Mad. *Ab la belle Angloise* [forcing her Lady off.]

A C T II.

SCENE, *St. James's Park.*

Enter Lady FANCIFUL and MADAMOISELLE.

L. Fan. **W**ELL, I vow, *Mademoiselle*, I'm strangely impatient to know who this confident Fellow is.

Enter HEARTFREE.

Look, there's *Heartfree*. But sure it can't be him; he's a profess'd Woman-hater. Yet who knows what my wicked Eyes may have done?

Mad. *Il nous approche, Mutam.*

L. Fan. Yes, 'tis he. Now will he be most intolerably Chavelier, tho' he should be in love with me.

Heart. Madam, I'm your humble Servant I perceive you have more Humility and good Nature than I thought you had.

L. Fan. What you attribute to Humility and good Nature, Sir, may perhaps be only due to Curiosity. I had a mind to know who it was had ill Manner enough to write that Letter. [Throwing him his Letter,

Heart. Well, and now I hope you are satisfy'd.

L. Fan. I am so, Sir: Good-b'w'y t'ye,

Heart. Nay, hold there; tho' you have done your Business, I han't done mine: By your Ladyship's Leave, we must have one Moments prattle together. Have you a mind to be the prettiest Woman about Town, or not? How she stares upon me! What! this passes for an impertinent Question with you now, because you think you are so already.

L. Fan. Pray, Sir, let me ask you a Question in my turn: By what right do you pretend to examine me?

Heart

Heart. By the same right that the strong govern the weak, because I have you in my Power; for ye cannot get so quickly to your Coach, but I shall have time enough to make you hear every thing I have to say to you.

L. Fan. These are strange Liberties you take, Mr. *Heartfree*.

Heart. They are so, Madam, but there's no help for it; for know, that I have a Design upon you.

L. Fan. Upon me, Sir!

Heart. Yes; and one that will turn to your Glory and my Comfort, if you will but be a little wiser than you use to be.

L. Fan. Very well, Sir.

Heart. Let me see—Your Vanity, Madam, I take to be about some eight Degrees higher than any Woman's in the Town, let t'other be who she will; and my indifference is naturally about the same Pitch. Now, cou'd you find the way to turn this indifference into Fire and Flames, methinks your Vanity ought to be satisfy'd; and this perhaps, you might bring about upon pretty reasonable Terms.

L. Fan. And pray at what rate would this Indifference be bought off, if one should have so deprav'd an Appetite to desire it?

Heart. Why Madam, to drive a Quaker's Bargain, and make but one Word with you, If I do part with it—you must lay me down—your Affectation.—

L. Fan. My Affectation, Sir!

Heart. Why, I ask you nothing but what you may very well spare.

L. Fan. You grow rude, Sir. Come *Madamoiselle*, 'tis high time to be gone.

Mad. *Allons, allons, allons.*

Heart. (*Stopping 'em*) Nay, you may as well stand still; for hear me you shall, walk which way you please.

L. Fan. What mean you, Sir?

Heart. I mean to tell you, that you are the most ungrateful Woman upon Earth.

L. Fan. Ungrateful! To who?

Heart. To Nature.

L. Fan. Why, what has Nature done for me?

Heart. What you have undone by Art. It made you handsome;

handsome ; it gave you Beauty to a Miracle, a Shape without a Fault, Wit enough to make 'em relish, and so turn'd you loose to your own Discretion ; which has made such work with you, that you are become the Pity of our Sex, and the Jest of your own. There is not a Feature in your Face, but you have found the Way to teach it some affected Convulsion ; your Feet, your Hands, your very Fingers ends, are directed never to move without some ridiculous Air or other ; and your Language is a suitable Trumpet, to draw Peoples Eyes upon the Raree-show.

Mad. (Aside) Est ce qu'on fais l'amour en Angleterre comme ça.

L. Fan. (Aside.) Now could I cry for Madness, but that I know he'd laugh at me for it.

Heart. Now do you hate me for telling you the Truth ; but that's because you don't believe it is so ; for were you once convinc'd of that, you'd reform for your own Sake. But 'tis as hard to persuade a Woman to quit any thing that makes her ridiculous, as 'tis to prevail with a Poet to see a Fault in his own Play.

L. Fan. Every Circumstance of nice Breeding must needs appear ridiculous to one who has so natural an Antipathy to good Manners.

Heart. But suppose I cou'd find the Means to convince you, that the whole World is of my Opinion ; and that those who flatter and commend you, do it to no other Intent, but to make you persevere in your Folly, that they may continue in their Mirth ?

L. Fan. Sir, tho' you and all that World you talk of, shou'd be so impertinently officious, as to think to persuade me, I don't know how to behave myself, I shou'd still have Charity enough for my own Understanding to believe myself in the right, and all you in the wrong.

Mad. Le viola mort.

[*Exeunt Lady Fanciful and Mademoiselle.*]

Heart. (Gazing after her.) There her single Clapper has publish'd the Sense of the whole Sex.

Well, this once I have endeavour'd to wash the Black-a-more white ; but henceforward I'll sooner undertake to teach Sincerity to a Courtier, Generosity to an Usurer, Honesty to a Lawyer, nay, Humility to a Divine, than

than Discretion to a Woman I see has once set her Heart upon playing the Fool.

Enter CONSTANT.

Morrow, *Constant*.

Con. Good morrow, *Jack*; What are you doing here this Morning.

Heart. Doing! Guess if thou can'st. Why I have been endeavouring to persuade my Lady *Fanciful*, that she's the foolishhest Woman about Town.

Con. A pretty Endeavour truly.

Heart. I have told her in as plain English as I could speak, both what the Town says of her, and what I think of her. In short, I have us'd her as an absolute King would do *Magna Charta*.

Con. And how does she take it?

Heart. As Children do Pills, bite 'em but can't swallow 'em.

Con. But prithee, what has put it into your Head, of all Mankind, to turn Reformer?

Heart. Why, one thing was, the Morning hung upon my Hands, I did not know what to do with myself. And another was, that as little as I care for Women, I cou'd not see with Patience one that Heaven had taken such wonderous Pains about, be so very industrious to make herself the *Jack-Pudding* of the Creation.

Con. Well, now could I almost wish to see my cruel Mistress make the self-same Use of what Heaven has done for her, that so I might be cured of a Disease that makes me so very uneasy; for Love, Love is the Devil, *Heart-free*.

Heart. And why do you let the Devil govern you?

Con. Because I have more Flesh and Blood, than Grace and Self-denial. My dear, dear Mistress; 'Ideath! that so genteel a Woman should be a Saint, when Religion's out of Fashion!

Heart. Nay, she's much in the wrong truly; but who knows how far Time and good Example may prevail?

Con. O! They have play'd their Parts in vain already: 'Tis now two Years since that damn'd Fellow her Husband, invited me to his Wedding; and there was the first Time I saw that charming Woman, whom I have
lov'd

lov'd ever since, more than e'er a Martyr did his Souf.
But she's cold, my Friend, still cold as the northern Star.

Heart. So are all Women by Nature, which makes 'em so willing to be warm'd.

Con. O, don't profane the Sex; prithee think 'em all Angels for her Sake, for she's virtuous even to a Fault.

Heart. A Lover's Head is a good accountable Thing truly; he adores his Mistress for being virtuous, and yet he is very angry with her, because she won't be lewd.

Con. Well the only Relief I expect in my Misery, is to see thee some day or other as deeply engag'd as myself; which will force me to be merry in the midst of all my Misfortunes.

Heart. That Day will never come, he assur'd, *Ned*: Not but that I can pass a Night with a Woman, and for the Time, perhaps, make my self as good Sport as you can do. Nay, I can court a Woman too, call her Nymph, Angel, Goddess, what you please; but here's the Difference 'twixt you and I; I persuade a Woman she's an Angel, and she persuades you she's one.

Prithee let me tell you how I avoid falling in Love; that which serves me for Prevention, may chance to serve you for a Cure.

Con. Well, use the Ladies moderately then, and I'll hear you.

Heart. That using 'em moderately undoes us all; but I'll use 'em justly, and that you ought to be satisfied with.

I always consider a Woman, not as a Taylor, the Shoemaker, the Tirewoman, the Sempstress, and, (which is more than all that) the Poet makes her; but I consider her as pure Nature has contriv'd her; and that more strictly than I should have done our old Grandmother *Eve*, had I seen her naked in the Garden; for I consider her turn'd inside out. Her Heart well examin'd, I find there Pride, Vanity, Covetousness, Indiscretion, but above all Things, Malice: Plots eternally a forging, to destroy one another's Reputations, and as honestly to charge the Levity of Men's Tongues with the Scandal; hourly Debates how to make poor Gentlemen in love with 'em, with no other Intent but to use 'em like Dogs when they have done;
a constant

a constant Desire of doing more Mischief, and an everlasting War wag'd against Truth and good-Nature.

Con. Very well, Sir: An admirable Composition, truly.

Heart. Then for her out-side, I consider it meerly as an out-side: She has a thin tiffany Covering, over just such Stuff as you and I are made on—As for her Motion, her Mein, her Airs, and all those Tricks, I know they affect you mightily. If you should see your Mistress at a Coronation, dragging her Peacock's Train, with all her State and Insolence about her, 'twould strike you with all the awful Thoughts that Heaven itself could pretend to from you; whereas I turn the whole Matter into a Jest, and suppose her strutting in the self-same stately Manner, with nothing on but her Stays and her under scanty quilted Petticoat.

Con. Hold thy prophane Tongue, for I'll hear no more.

Heart. What you'll love on ther.

Con. Yes, to Eternity.

Heart. Yet you have no Hopes at all.

Con. None.

Heart. Nay, the Resolution may be discreet enough; perhaps you have found out some new Philosophy, that Love's like Virtue, it's own Reward: So you and your Mistress will be as well content at a distance, as others that have less Learning are in coming together.

Con. No; but if she shou'd prove kind at last, my dear *Heartfree*.

[*Embracing him.*]

Heart. Nay, prithee don't take me for your Mistress, for Lovers are very troublesome.

Con. Well who knows what Time may do?

Heart. And just now he was sure Time could do nothing.

Con. Yet not one kind Glance in two Years is somewhat strange.

Heart. Not strange at all; she don't like you, that's all the Business.

Con. Prithee don't distract me.

Heart. Nay, you are a good handsome young Fellow, she might use you better: Come, will you go see her? Perhaps she may have chang'd her Mind; there's some Hopes as long as she's a Woman.

Con.

Con. O, 'tis in vain to visit her: Sometimes to get a Sight of her, I visit that Beast her Husband, but she certainly finds some Pretence to quit the Room as soon as I enter.

Heart. It's much she don't tell him you have made love to her too. For that's another good-natur'd Thing usual amongst Women, in which they have several Ends.

Sometimes 'tis to recommend their Virtue, that they may be lewd with the greater Security.

Sometimes 'tis to make their Husbands fight, in hopes they may be kill'd, when their Affairs require it should be so. But most commonly 'tis to engage two Men in a Quarrel, that they may have the Credit of being sought for; and if the Lover's kill'd in the Business, they cry, *Poor Fellow, he had ill Luck* — And so they go to Cards.

Con. Thy Injuries to Women are not to be forgiven. Look to't, if ever thou dost fall into their Hands —

Heart. They can't use me worse than they do you, that speak well of 'em.

O ho! here comes the Knight.

Enter Sir JOHN BRUTE.

Heart. Your humble Servant, Sir *John*.

Sir Job. Servant, Sir.

Heart. How does all your Family?

Sir Job. Pox o' my Family.

Con. How does your Lady? I han't seen her abroad a good while.

Sir Job. Do! I don't know how she does, not I; she was well enough yesterday: I han't been at home to-night.

Con. What, were you out of Town?

Sir Job. Out of Town! No, I was drinking.

Con. You are a true *Eglishtman*; you don't know your own Happiness: If I were married to such a Woman, I would not be from her a Night for all the Wine in *France*.

Sir Job. Not from her! — Oons — what a Time shou'd a Man have of that!

Heart. Why, there's no Division, I hope?

Sir Job. No; but there's a Conjunction, and that's worse; a Pox of the Parson — Why the plague don't you two marry? I fancy I look like the Devil to you.

Heart. Why, you don't think you have Horns do you.

Sir

Sir Job. No, I believe my Wife's Religion will keep her honest.

Heart. And what will make her keep her Religion?

Sir Job. Persecution; and therefore she shall have it.

Heart. Have a care, Knight, Women are tender Things.

Sir Job. And yet, methinks, 'tis a hard Matter to break their Hearts.

Con. Fy, fy; you have one of the best Wives in the World, and yet you seem the most uneasy Husband.

Sir John. Best Wives! — The Woman's well enough, she has no Vice that I know of, but she's a Wife, and — damn a Wife; If I were married to a Hoghead of Claret, Matrimony would make me hate it.

Heart. Why did you marry then? You were old enough to know your own Mind.

Sir John. Why did I marry! I married because I had a mind to lie with her, and she would not let me.

Heart. Why did you not ravish her?

Sir John. Yes, and so have hedg'd myself into forty Quarrels with her Relations; besides buying my Pardon. But more than all that, you must know, I was afraid of being damn'd in those Days; for I kept sneaking cowardly Company, Fellows that went to Church, said Grace to their Meat, and had not the least Tincture of Quality about 'em.

Heart. But I think you are got into a better Gang now.

Sir John. Zoons, Sir, my Lord *Rake* and I are Hand and Glove; I believe we may get our Bones broke together to-night; have you a mind to share a Frolick?

Con. Not I truly; my Talent lies to softer Exercises?

Sir John. What, a Down-Bed and a Strumpet? A pox of Venery, I say. Will you come and drink with me this Afternoon?

Con. I can't drink to-day, but we'll come and sit an Hour with you if you will.

Sir John. Pugh, Pox, sit an Hour! Why can't you drink?

Con. Because I'm to see my Mistress.

Sir John. Who's that?

Con.

Con. Why, do you use to tell?

Sir John. Yes.

Con. So won't I.

Sir John. Why?

Con. Because 'tis a Secret.

Sir John. Would my Wife knew it, 'twou'd be no Secret long.

Con. Why, do you think she can't keep a Secret?

Sir John. No more than she can keep *Lent*.

Heart. Prithee tell it to her to try, *Constant*.

Sir John. No prithee don't, that I may'nt be plagu'd with it.

Con. I'll hold you a Guinea you don't make her tell it you.

Sir John. I'll hold you a Guinea I do.

Con. Which way?

Sir John. Why I'll beg her not to tell it me.

Heart. Nay, if any thing does it, that will.

Con. But do you think, Sir ———

Sir John. Oons, Sir, I think a Woman and a Secret are the two impertinentest Themes in the Universe. Therefore pray let's hear no more of my Wife nor your Mistress. Damn 'em both with all my Heart, and every thing else that daggles a Petticoat; except four generous Whores, with *Betty Sands* at the Head of 'em, who were drunk with my Lord *Rake* and I ten times in a Fortnight. [*Exit Sir John.*]

Con. Here's a dainty Fellow for you! and the veriest Coward too: But his Usage of his Wife makes me ready to stab the Villain.

Heart. Lovers are short-sighted: All their Senses run into that of feeling. This proceeding of his is the only Thing on Earth can make your Fortune. If any thing can prevail with her to accept of a Gallant, 'tis his ill Usage of her; for Women will do more for Revenge than they'll do for the Gospel. Prithee take heart, I have great Hopes for you; and since I can't bring you quite off of her, I'll endeavour to bring you quite on; for a whining Lover is the damned'st Companion upon Earth.

Con. My dear Friend, flatter me a little more with these Hopes; for whilst they prevail, I have Heaven within me, and could melt with Joy.

Heart.

Heart. Pray no melting yet: Let things go farther first. This Afternoon perhaps we shall make some Advance. In the mean while, let's go dine at *Locket's*, and let Hope get you a Stomach. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E, *Lady Fancyful's House.*

Enter Lady FANCYFUL and Mademoiselle.

L. Fan. Did you ever see any thing so importune, *Mademoiselle*?

Mad. Inteed, Matam, to say de trute, he wanted leetel good Breeding.

L. Fan. Good Breeding! He wants to be can'd, *Mademoiselle*: An insolent Fellow!

And yet let me expose my Weakness, 'tis the only Man on Earth I could resolve to dispense my Favours on, were he but a fine Gentleman, Well; did Men but know how deep an Impression a fine Gentleman makes in a Lady's Heart, they would reduce all their Studies to that of good Breeding alone.

Enter CORNET.

Cor. Madam, here's Mr. *Treble*. He has brought home the Verses your Ladyship made, and gave him to set.

L. Fan. O let him come in by all means. Now, *Mademoiselle*, am I going to be unspeakably happy.

Enter TREBLE.

So, Mr. *Treble*, you have set my little Dialogue?

Treb. Yes, Madam, and I hope your Ladyship will be pleased with it.

L. Fan. O, no doubt on't; for really Mr. *Treble*, you set all Things to a Wonder: But your Musick is in particular heavenly, when you have my Words to cloath in't.

Treb. Your Words themselves, Madam, have so much Musick in 'em, they inspire me.

L. Fan. Nay, now you make me blush, Mr. *Treble*; but pray let's hear what you have done.

Treb. You shall, Madam.

A SONG to be sung between a Man and a Woman.

M. **A** lovely Nymph, the World's on fire:
Veil, veil those cruel Eyes.

W. The World may then in Flames expire,
And boast that so it dies.

B

M. But

M. But when all Mortals are destroy'd,
Who then shall sing your Praise?

W. Those who are fit to be employ'd;
The Gods shall Altars raise.

Treb. How does your Ladyship like it, Madam?

L. Fan. Rapture, Rapture, Mr. Treble, I'm all Rapture. O Wit and Art, what Power have you when join'd? I must needs tell you the Birth of this little Dialogue, Mr. Treble. It's Father was a Dream, and it's Mother was the Moon. I dreamt that by an unanimous Vote, I was chosen Queen of that pale World. And that the first Time I appear'd upon my Throne—all my Subjects fell in Love with me. Just then I wak'd, and seeing Pen, Ink and Paper lie idle upon the Table, I slid into my Morning Gown, and writ this *in promptu*.

Treb. So, I guess the Dialogue, Madam, is suppos'd to be between your Majesty, and your first Minister of State?

L. Fan. Just: He as Minister, advises me to trouble my Head about the Welfare of my Subjects; which I as Sovereign find a very impertinent Proposal. But is the Town so dull, Mr. Treble, it affords us never another new Song?

Treb. Madam, I have one in my Pocket, came out but yesterday, if your Ladyship pleases to let Mr. Pipe sing it.

L. Fan. By all Means. Here, Pipe, make what Musick you can of this Song, here.

S O N G.

NO T an Angel dwells above
Half so fair as her I love;
Heaven knows how she'll receive me:
If she smiles, I'm blest indeed;
If she frowns, I'm quickly freed;
Heaven knows she ne'er can grieve me.

II.

None can love her more than I,
Yet she ne'er shall make me die.
If my Flame can never warm her;
Lasting Beauty I'll adore,
I shall never love her more,
Cruelty will so deform her.

L. Fan.

L. Fan. Very well: This is *Heartfree's* Poetry without Question.

Treb. Won't your Ladyship please to sing yourself this Morning?

L. Fan. O Lord, Mr. *Treble*, my Cold is still so barbarous to refuse me that Pleasure; he, he, hem.

Treb. I'm very sorry for it, Madam, methinks all Mankind shou'd turn Physicians for the Cure on't.

L. Fan. Why, truly, to give Mankind their due; there's few that know me, but have offer'd their Remedy.

Treb. They have Reason, Madam; for I know nobody sings so near a Cherubim as your Ladyship.

L. Fan. What I do I owe chiefly to your Skill and Care, Mr. *Treble*, People do flatter me indeed that I have a Voice, and a *je ne scai quoy* in the Conduct of it, that will make Musick of any Thing. And truly I begin to believe so, since what happen'd t'other Night. Wou'd you think it, Mr. *Treble*; walking pretty late in the Park (for I often walk late in the Park, Mr. *Treble*) a Whim took me to sing *Cherry-Chace*; and would you believe it; next Morning I had three Copies of Verses, and six Billet-doux at my Levee upon it.

Treb. And without all Dispute you deserv'd as many more, Madam. Are there any further Commands for your Ladyship's humble Servant?

L. Fan. Nothing more at this Time, Mr. *Treble*. But I shall expect you here every Morning for this Month, to sing my little matter there to me, I'll reward you for your Pains.

Treb. O Lord, Madam. ———

L. Fan. Good morrow, sweet Mr. *Treble*.

Treb. Your Ladyship's most obedient Servant [*Exit Treb.*]

Enter Servant.

Ser. Will your Ladyship please to dine yet?

L. Fan. Yes, let 'em serve.

[*Exit Ser.*]

Sure this *Heartfree* has bewitch'd me, *Mademoiselle*. You can't imagine how oddly he mixt himself in my Thoughts during my Rapture, ev'n now. I vow, 'tis a thousand Pities he is not more polish'd. Don't you think so?

Mad. Matam, I tink it so great Pity, dat if I was in your Ladyship's Place, I take him home in my House, I lock him up in my Closet, and I never let him go 'till

I teach him every Ting dat fine Laty expect from fine Gentleman.

L. Fan. Why truly, I believe I should soon subdue his Brutality, for without Doubt, he has a strange *penchant* to grow fond of me, in spite of his *Aversion* to the Sex, else he would ne'er have taken so much Pains about me. Lord, how proud wou'd some poor Creatures be of such a Conquest? but I, alas! I don't know how to receive as a Favour, what I take to be so infinitely my due. But what shall I do to new-mould him, *Mademoiselle*? For 'till then he's my utter Aversion.

Mad. Matam, you must laugh at him in all de place dat you meet him, and turn into Ridicule all he say and all he do.

L. Fan. Why truly, Satyr has ever been of wondrous Use to reform ill Manners. Besides, 'tis my particular Talent to ridicule Folks. I can be severe, strangely severe, when I will *Mademoiselle* — Give me the Pen and Ink—I find myself whimsical—I'll write to him.

[*Sitting down to write.*

—Or I'll let it alone, and be severe } *Rising up again.*
upon him that way.

—Yet active Severity is better than } *Sitting down.*
Passive.

—'Tis as good let it alone too; for } *Rising.*
every Lash I give him, perhaps
he'll take for a Favour.

—Yet 'tis a thousand Pities so much } *Sitting.*
Satyr shou'd be lost.

—But if it shou'd have a wrong Ef- } *Rising.*
fect upon him, 'twould distract
me.

—Well, I must write tho' after } *Sitting.*
all.

—Or I'll let it alone, which is the } *Rising.*
same Thing.

Mad. La viola déterminée.

[*Exeunt.*

A C T III.

S C E N E opens, Sir JOHN, Lady BRUTE, and
BELINDA, rising from the Table.

Sir John.

HERE ; take away the Things ; I expect Company.
But first bring me a Pipe ; I'll smoak *(To a Servant.*

L. B. Lord, Sir *John*, I wonder you won't leave
that nasty Custom.

Sir *John*. Prithee, don't be impertinent.

Bel. *(To L. B.)* I wonder who those are he expects
this Afternoon.

L. B. I'd give the world to know : Perhaps 'tis *Con-*
stant, he comes here sometimes ; if it does prove him,
I'm resolv'd I'll share the Visit.

Bel. We'll send for our work, and sit here.

L. B. He'll choak us with his Tobacco.

Bel. Nothing will choak us, when we are doing what
we have a Mind to. *Lovewell.*

Enter Lovewell.

Love. Madam.

L. B. Here ; bring my Cousin's work and mine hither.

(Exit Lovewell, and re-enters with their Work.

Sir *John*. Whu, pox, can't you work somewhere else ?

L. B. We shall be careful not to disturb you, Sir.

Bel. Your Pipe will make you too thoughtful, Un-
cle, if you were left alone ; our Prittle-prattle will cure
your Spleen.

Sir *John*. Will it so, Mrs Pert ? Now I believe it will
so increase it, I shall take my own house for a *Paper-mill.*

(Sitting and smoaking.

L. B. *(To Bel. aside)* Don't let's mind him ; let him
say what he will.

Sir *John*. A woman's Tongue a Cure for the Spleen —
Oons—*(Aside.)* If a man had got the Head-ach, they'd
be for applying the same Remedy.

L. B. You have done a great deal, *Belinda*, since
yesterday.

Bel. Yes, I have work'd very hard ; how do you
like it ?

B 3

L. B.

L. B. O, 'tis the prettiest Fringe in the world. Well Cousin, you have the happiest Fancy. Prithee, advise me about altering my crimson Petticoat.

Sir *Job*. A pox o' your Petticoat ; here's such a prating, a Man can't digest his own Thoughts for you.

L. B. Don't answer him.

(*Aside.*)

Well, what do you advise me ?

Bel. Why really I wou'd not alter it at all. Methinks, 'tis very pretty as it is.

L. B. Ay, that's true : But you know one grows weary of the prettiest Things in the world, when one has had 'em long.

Sir *Job*. Yes, I have taught her that.

Bel. Shall we provoke him a little ?

L. B. With all my Heart. *Belinda*, don't you long to be marry'd ?

Bel. Why, there are some Things in it I could like well enough.

L. B. What do you think you shou'd dislike ?

Bel. My Husband, a hundred to one else.

L. B. O ye wicked wretch : Sure you don't speak as you think.

Bel. Yes I do ; and especially if he smoak'd Tobacco.

(*he looks earnestly at them.*)

L. B. Why, that many Times takes off worse Smells.

Bel. Then he must smell very ill indeed.

L. B. So some Men will, to keep their wives from coming near 'em.

Bel. Then those wives should cuckold 'em at a distance.

(*He rises in a fury, throws his Pipe at 'em, and drives 'em out. As they run off, Constant and Heartfree enter. L. B. runs against Constant.*)

Sir *Job*. Oons, get you gone up Stairs, you confederating Strumpets you, or I'll cuckold you with a Vengeance.

L. B. O Lord, he'll beat us, he'll beat us. Dear, dear Mr. *Constant*, save us.

Sir *Job*. I'll cuckold you, with a Pox.

Con. Heav'ns ! Sir *John*, what's the Matter ?

Sir *Job*. Sure if women had been ready created, the Devil, instead of being kick'd down into Hell, had been marry'd.

Heart.

Heart. Why what new Plague have you found now?

Sir John. Why these two Gentlewomen did but hear me say, I expected you here this Afternoon; upon which they presently resolv'd to take up the Room, on purpose to plague me and my Friends.

Con. Was that all? Why, we shou'd have been glad of their Company.

Sir John. Then I should have been weary of yours: For I can't relish both together. They found fault with my smoaking Tobacco too; and said, Men stunk. But I have a good mind ——— to say something.

Con. No, nothing against the Ladies, pray.

Sir John. Split the Ladies. Come, will you sit down? Give us f me Wine, Fellow: You won't smoak?

Con. No, nor drink neither at this Time, I must ask your Pardon.

Sir John. What, This Mistress of yours runs in your Head; I'll warrant it's some such squeamish Minx as my Wife, that's grown so dainty of late, she finds fault even with a dirty Shirt.

Heart. That a Woman may do, and not be very dainty nei her.

Sir John. Pox o'the Women, let's drink. Come, you shall take one Glafs, tho' I send for a Box of Lozenges to sweeten your Mouth after it.

Con. Nay, if one Glafs will satisfy you, I'll drink it, without putting you to that Expence.

Sir John. Why that's honest. Fill some Wine, Sirrah: So, here's to you, Gentlemen.—A Wife's the Devil. To your being both married.

(They drink.)

Heart. O your most humble Servant, Sir.

Sir John. Well how do you like my Wine?

Con. 'Tis very good indeed.

Heart. 'Tis admirable.

Sir John. Then give us t'other Glafs.

Con. No, pray excuse us now; we'll come another Time, and then we won't spare it.

Sir John. This one Glafs, and no more. Come, I shall be your Mistresses Health; and that's a great Compliment from me, I assure you.

Con. And 'tis a very obliging one to me ; so give us the Glasses.

Sir John. So : let her live. (*Sir John coughs in the Glass.*
Heart. And be kind.

Con. What's the Matter ? Does it go the wrong way ?

Sir John. If I had Love enough to be jealous, I shou'd take this for an ill Omen : For I never drank my Wife's Health in my Life, but I puk'd in the Glass.

Con. O she's too virtuous, to make a reasonable Man Jealous.

Sir John. Pax of her Virtue. If I could but catch her adulterating, I might be divorc'd from her by Law.

Heart. And so pay her a yearly Pension, to be a distinguished Cuckold.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, there's my Lord *Rake*, Colonel *Bully*, and some other Gentlemen at the *Blue Posts*, desire your Company.

Sir John. Cod's, so we are to consult about playing the Devil to night.

Heart. Well, we won't hinder Business.

Sir John. Methinks, I don't know how to leave you tho'. But for once I must make bold. Or look you : May be the Conference mayn't last long : So if you'll wait here half an Hour, or an Hour, if I don't come then—why then—I won't come at all.

Heart. (*To Con.*) A good modest Preposition truly.
(*Aside*)

Heart. But let's accept on't however. Who knows what may happen ?

Heart. Well, Sir, to shew you how fond we are of your Company, we'll expect your Return as long as we can.

Sir John. Nay, may be I mayn't stay at all : But Business, you know, must be done. So, your Servant—Or hark you : If you have a mind to take a Frisk with us, I have an Interest with my Lord, I can easily introduce you.

Con. We are much beholding to you ; but for my part, I'm engag'd another way.

Sir John. What ? To your Mistress, I'll warrant. Prithee, leave your nasty Punk to entertain herself with her

her own lewd Thoughts, and make one with us to night.

Con. Sir, 'tis Business that is to employ me.

Heart. And me; and Business must be done, you know.

Sir John. Ay; Women's Business, tho' the World were consum'd for't
(*Exit Sir John.*)

Con. Farewel, Beast: And now, my dear Friend, wou'd my Mistress be but as complaisant as some Men's Wives, who think it a Piece of good Breeding to receive the Visits of their Husband's Friends in his Absence.

Heart. Why, for your Sake I could forgive her, tho' she should be so complaisant to receive something else in his Absence. But what way shall we invent to see her?

Con. O ne'er hope it: Invention will prove as vain as wishes.

Enter Lady Brute and Belinda.

Heart. What do you think now, Friend?

Con. I think I shall swoon

Heart. I'll speak first then, whilst you fetch Breath:

L. B. We think ourselves oblig'd, Gentlemen, to come and return you Thanks for your Knight errantry. We were just upon being devour'd by the fiery Dragon.

Bel. Did not his Fumes almost knock you down, Gentlemen?

Heart. Truly, Ladies, we did undergo some Hardships; and should have done more, if some greater Heroes than ourselves had by had not diverted him.

Con. Tho' I'm glad of the Service, you are pleas'd to say we have done you; yet I'm sorry we cou'd do it in no other way, than by making ourselves privy to what you wou'd perhaps have kept a Secret.

L. B. For *Sir John's* Part I suppose he design'd it no Secret, since he made so much Noise. And for myself, truly I am not much concern'd, since 'tis fallen only into this Gentleman's Hands and yours; who, I have many Reasons to believe, will neither interpret nor report any Thing to my Disadvantage.

Con. Your good Opinion, Madam, was what I fear'd I never could have merited.

L. B. Your Fears were vain then, Sir; for I am just to every body.

Heart. Prithee, *Constant*, what is't you do to get the Ladies good Opinions ; for I'm a Novice at it ?

Bel. Sir, will you give me leave to instruct you ?

Heart. Yes, that I will with all my Soul, Madam.

Bel. Why then you must never be slovenly, never be out of Humour, fare well and cry roast Meat, smoke Tobacco, nor drink but when you are a-dry.

Heart. That's hard.

Con. Nay, if you take his Bottle from him, you break his Heart, Madam.

Bel. Why is it possible the Gentleman can love drinking ?

Heart. Only by way of Antidote.

Bel. Against what, pray ?

Heart. Against Love, Madam.

L. B. Are you afraid of being in love, Sir ?

Heart. I shou'd if there were any Danger of it.

L. B. Pray why so ?

Heart. Because I always had an Aversion to being us'd like a Dog.

Bel. Why, truly Men in love are seldom us'd better.

L. B. But was you never in love, Sir ?

Heart. No, I thank Heaven, Madam.

Bel. Pray, where got you your Learning then ?

Heart. From other People's Experience.

Bel. That's being a Spunger, Sir, which is scarce honest : If you'd buy some Experience with your own Money, as 'twould be fairlier got, so 'twould stick longer by you.

Enter Footman.

Foot. Madam, here's my Lady *Fancyful*, to wait upon your Ladyship.

L. B. Shield me, kind Heav'n : What an Inundation of Impertinence is here coming upon us !

Enter Lady Fancyful, who runs first to Lady Brute, then to Belinda kissing 'em.

L. Fan. My dear Lady *Brute*, and sweet *Belinda* ! Methinks it is an Age since I saw you.

L. B. Yet 'tis but three Days ; sure you have pass'd your Time very ill, it seems so long to you.

L. Fan. Why, really, to confess the Truth to you, I am so everlastingly fatigu'd with the Addresses of unfortunate

fortunate Gentlemen, that were it not for the Extravagancy of the Example, I shou'd e'en tear out these wicked Eyes with my own Fingers, to make both myself and Mankind easy. What think you on't, Mr. Heartfree, for I take you to be my faithful Adviser?

Heart. Why, truly, Madam — I think — every Project that is for the Good of Mankind, ought to be encourag'd.

L. Fan. Then I have your Consent, Sir.

Heart. To do whatever you please, Madam.

L. Fan. You had a much more limited Complaisance this Morning, Sir. Would you believe it, Ladies? The Gentleman has been so exceeding generous, to tell me of above fifty Faults, in less Time than it was well possible for me to commit two of them.

Con. Why truly, Madam, my Friend there is apt to be something familiar with the Ladies.

L. Fan. He is indeed, Sir; but he's wondrous charitable with it: He has had the Goodness to design a Reformation, ev'n down to my Fingers ends.

— 'Twas thus, I think, Sir; you d have had 'em stand.

(Opening her fingers in an awkward Manner) My Eyes too he did not like: How was't you would have directed 'em? Thus I think.

(Staring at him.

— Then there was something amiss in my Gate too: I don't know well how 'twas; but, as I take it, he would have had me walk like him. Pray, Sir, do me the Favour to take a Turn or two about the Room, that the Company may see you — He's fullen, Ladies, and won't: But to make short, and give you as true an Idea as I can of the Matter, I think 'twas much about this Figure in general, he would have Moulded me too: But I was an Obstinate Woman, and could not resolve to make myself Mistress of his Heart, by growing as

{ She walks awkwardly about, staring and looking ungainly: Then changes on a sudden to the Extremity of her usual Affectation.

Heart. Just thus Women do, when they think we are in love with 'em, or when they are so with us.

{ Here Constant and Lady B. talk together apart.

L. Fan.

L. Fan. 'Twould however be less Vanity for me to conclude the former, than you the latter, Sir.

Heart. Madam, all I shall presume to conclude, is that if I were in love, you'd find the Means to make me soon weary on't.

L. Fan. Not by over-Fondness, upon my word, Sir. But pray let's stop here; for you are so much govern'd by Instinct, I know you'll grow brutish at last.

Bel. (Aside.) Now I am sure she's fond of him: I'll try to make her jealous.

Well, for my part. I should be glad to find somebody would be so free with me, that I might know my Faults, and mend 'em.

L. Fan. Then pray let me recommend this Gentleman to you: I have known him some Time, and will be Surety for him, that upon a very limited Encouragement on your Side, you shall find an extended Impudence on his.

Heart. I thank you Madam, for your Recommendation: But hating Idleness, I'm unwilling to enter into a Place where I believe there would be nothing to do. I was fond of serving your Ladyship, because I knew you'd find me constant Employment.

L. Fan. I told you he'd be rude, *Belinda.*

Bel. O, a little Bluntness is a Sign of Honesty, which makes me always ready to pardon it. So, Sir, if you have no other Exceptions to my Service but the Fear of being idle in it, you may venture to list yourself: I shall find you work, I warrant you.

Heart. Upon those Terms I engage, Madam; and this (with your Leave) I take for Earnest.

(Offering to kiss her hand.)

Bel. Hold there, Sir; I'm none of your Earnest-Givers. But if I'm well serv'd, I give good wages, and pay punctually.

Heart. and Bel. seem to continue talking familiarly.

L. Fan. (Aside.) I don't like this jesting between 'em—Methinks the Fool begin to look as if he were in earnest—but then he must be a Fool indeed. Lard, what a Difference there is between me and her—How I should despise such a Thing, if I were a Man.

Looking at Bellinda scornfully.

— what

—what a Nose she has—what a Chin—what a Neck—Then her Eyes—And the worst kissing Lips in the Universe—No, no, he can never like her, that's positive—yet I can't suffer 'em together any longer.

Mr. *Heartfree*, do you know that you and I must have no Quarrel for all this? I can't forbear being a little severe now and then. But women, you know, may be allowed any Thing.

Heart. Up to a certain Age, Madam.

L. Fan. Which I'm not yet past, I hope.

Heart. (*Aside*.) Nor never will, I dare swear.

L. Fan. (*To L. B.*) Come. Madam: Will your Ladyship be witness to our Reconciliation?

L. B. You agree then at last.

Heart. (*Slightly*.) We forgive.

L. Fan. (*Aside*.) That was a cold ill-natur'd Reply.

L. B. Then there's no Challenges sent between you?

Heart. Not from me I promise (*Aside to Con.*) But that's more than I'll do for her, for I know she can as well be damn'd as forbear writing to me.

Con. That I believe. But I think we had best be going, lest she should suspect something, and be malicious.

Heart. With all my Heart.

Con. Ladies, we are your humble Servants. I see, Sir *John* is quite engag'd, 'twou'd be in vain to expect him. Come, *Heartfree*. (*Exit*

Heart. Ladies, your Servant. (*To Bel.*) I hope. Madam, you won't forget our Bargain; I'm to say what I please to you. (*Exit Heart.*

Bel. Liberty of Speech entire, Sir.

L. Fan. (*Aside*.) Very pretty truly—But how the Blockhead went out: Languishing at her; and not a Look toward me—well, Churchmen may talk, but Miracles are not ceas'd. For 'tis more than natural, such a rude Fellow as he, and such a little Impertinent as she, shou'd be capable of making a woman of my Sphere uneasy—But I can bear her Sight no longer—methinks she's grown ten times uglier than *Cornet*. I must home and study Revenge.

To L. B.) Madam, your humble Servant; I must take my leave.

L. B.

L. B. What, going already, Madam?

L. Fan. I must beg you'll excuse me this once; for really I have eighteen Visits to return this Afternoon: So you see I'm importun'd by the women as well as the men.

Bel. (*Aside*) And she quits with them both

L. Fan. (*Going*.) Nay, you shan't go one Step out of the Room.

L. B. Indeed I'll wait upon you down.

L. Fan. No, sweet Lady *Brute*, you know I swoon at Ceremony.

L. B. Pray give me leave.

L. Fan. You know I won't.

L. B. Indeed I must.

L. Fan. Indeed you shan't.

L. B. Indeed I will.

L. Fan. Indeed you shan't.

L. B. Indeed I will.

L. Fan. Indeed you shan't. Indeed, indeed, indeed, you shan't.

(*Exit* L. Fan *running*.)

(*They follow*.)

Re-enter Lady BRUTE, *sola*.

This impertinent Woman has put me out of Humour for a Fortnight — What an agreeable Moment has her foolish Visit interrupted — Lord, how like a Torrent Love flows into the Heart, when once the sluice of Desire is open'd! good Gods! what a Pleasure there is in doing what we should not do!

Re-enter CONSTANT.

Ha! Here again.

Con. Tho' the renewing my Visit may seem a little irregular, I hope I shall obtain your Pardon for it, Madam, when you know I only left the Room, lest the Lady who was here shou'd have been as malicious in her Remarks, as she's foolish in her Conduct.

L. B. He who has Discretion enough to be tender of a Woman's Reputation, carries a Virtue about him may atone for a great many Faults.

Con. If it has a Title to atone for any, it's Pretensions must needs be strongest, where the Crime is Love. I therefore hope I shall be forgiven the Attempt, I have made upon your Heart, since my Enterprize has been a Secret to all the world but yourself.

L. B.

L. B. Secrecy indeed, in Sins of this Kind, is an Argument of weight to lessen the Punishment; but nothing's a Plea for a Pardon entire, without a sincere Repentance.

Con. If Sincerity in Repentance consists in Sorrow for offending, no Cloyster ever inclosed so true a Penitent as I should be. But I hope it cannot be reckoned an Offence to love, where 'tis a Duty to adore.

L. B. 'Tis an Offence, a great one, where it wou'd rob a Woman of all she ought to be ador'd for—her Virtue.

Con. Virtue! — Virtue, alas, is no more like the Thing that's call'd so, than 'tis like Vice itself. Virtue consists in Goodness, Honour, Gratitude, Sincerity, and Pitty; and not in peevish, snarling, straight-lac'd Chastity. True Virtue, wheresoever it moves, still carries an intrinseck Worth about it, and is in every Place, and in each Sex, of equal Value. So is not Continence, you see: That Phantom of Honour, which Men in every Age have so contemn'd, they have thrown it amongst the Women to scabble for.

L. B. If it be a thing of so very little value, why do you so earnestly recommend it to your Wives and Daughters?

Con. We recommend it to our Wives, Madam, because we wou'd keep 'em to ourselves; and to our Daughters, because we wou'd dispose of 'em to others.

L. B. 'Tis then of some Importance, it seems, since you can't dispose of 'em without it.

Con. That Importance, Madam, lies in the Humour of the Country, not in the Nature of the Thing.

L. B. How do you prove that, Sir?

Con. From the wisdom of a neighbouring Nation in a contrary Practice. In Monarchie, Things go by whimsy, but Common-wealths weigh all Things in the Scale of Reason.

L. B. I hope we are not so very light a People to bring up Fashions without some Ground.

Con. Pray what does your Ladyship think of a powder'd Coat for deep Mourning?

L. B. I think, Sir, your Sophistry has all the Effect that you can reasonably expect it should have; it puzzles, but don't convince.

Con.

Con. I'm sorry for it,

L. B. I'm sorry to hear you say so.

Con. Pray why?

L. B. Because if you expected more from it, you have a worse Opinion of my Understanding than I desire you should have.

Con. (*Aside.*) I comprehend her: She wou'd have met a Value upon her Chastity, that I may think myself the more oblig'd to her when she makes me a present of it.

To her.] I beg you will believe I did but rally, Madam; I know you judge too well of right and wrong, to be deceiv'd by Arguments like those. I hope you'll have so favourable an Opinion of my understanding too, to believe the Thing call'd Virtue has worth enough with me, to pass for an eternal Obligation where-e'er 'tis sacrificed,

L. B. It is, I think, so great a one, as nothing can repay.

Con. Yes; the making the Man you love your everlasting Debtor.

L. B. When Debtors once have borrow'd all we have to lend, they are very apt to grow shy of their Creditors Company.

Con. That, Madam, is only when they are forc'd to borrow of Usurers, and not of a generous Friend. Let us chuse our Creditors, and we are seldom so ungrateful to shun 'em.

L. B. What think you of Sir John, Sir? I was his free Choice.

Con. I think he's marry'd, Madam.

L. B. Does Marriage then exclude Men from your Rule of Constancy?

Con. It does. Constancy's a brave, free, haughty, generous Agent, that cannot buckle to the Chains of Wedlock. There's a poor fordid Slavery in Marriage, that turns the flowing Tide of Honour, and sinks us to the lowest Ebb of Infamy. 'Tis a corrupted Soil: Ill-nature, Avarice, Sloth, Cowardice, and Dirt are all its Product.

L. B. Have you no Exceptions to this general Rule, as well as to t'other?

Con. Yes: I would (after all) be an Exception to it myself, if you were free in power and will, to make me so.

L. B. Compliments are well plac'd, where 'tis impossible to lay hold on 'em.

Con.

Con. I wou'd to Heaven 'twere possible for you to lay hold on mine, that you might see it is no Compliment at all. But since you are already dispos'd of beyond Redemption, to one who does not know the Value of the Jewel you have put into his Hands, I hope you wou'd not think him greatly wrong'd, tho' it shou'd sometimes be look'd on by a Friend, who knows how to esteem it as he ought.

L. B. If looking on't alone wou'd serve his Turn, the Wrong perhaps might not be very great.

Con. Why, what if he should wear it now and then a-day, so he gave good Security to bring it home again at Night?

L. B. Small Security I fancy might serve for that. One might venture to take his word.

Con. Then where's the Injury to the Owner?

L. B. 'Tis Injury to him if he think it one. For if Happiness be seated in the Mind, Unhappiness must be so too.

Con. Here I close with you, Madam, and draw my conclusive Argument from your own Position: If the Injury lie in the Fancy, there needs nothing but Secrecy to prevent the Wrong.

L. B. (*Going.*) A surer way to prevent it, is to hear no more Arguments in its Behalf.

Con. (*following her.*) But, Madam—

L. B. But, Sir, 'tis my turn to be discreet now, and not suffer too long a Visit.

Con. (*Catching her Hand.*) By Heaven, you shall not stir, 'till you give me Hopes that I shall see you again at some more convenient Time and Place.

L. B. I give you just Hopes enough—(*breaking from him*) to get loose from you; and that's all I can afford you at this Time. (*Exit running.*)

CONSTANT *solus.*

Now by all that's great and good she's a charming Woman. In what Extasy of Joy she has left me; for she gave me Hope; did she not say she gave me Hope—Hope? Ay; what Hope—enough to make me let her go—Why, that's enough in Conscience. Or, no Matter how 'twas spoke; Hope was the word: It came from her, and it was said to me.

Enter

Enter HEARTFREE.

Ha, *Heartfree*! Thou hast done me noble Service in prattling to the young Gentlewoman without there; come to my Arms, thou venerable Bawd, and let me squeeze thee (*embracing him eagerly*) as a new Pair of Stays does a fat Country Girl, when she's carried to Court to stand for a maid of Honour.

Heart. Why, what the Devil's all this Rapture for?

Con. Rapture! There's Ground for Rapture, Man, there's Hopes, my *Heartfree*, Hopes my Friend.

Heart. Hopes! Of what.

Con. Why, Hopes that my Lady and I together (for 'tis more than one Body's Work) should make Sir *John* a Cuckold.

Heart. Prithee, what did she say to thee?

Con. Say? What did she not say? She said that—— says she—she said—Zoons, I don't know what she said: But she look'd as if she said every thing I'd have her; and so if thou'lt go to the Tavern, I'll treat thee with any Thing that Gold can buy: I'll give all my Silver amongst the Drawers, make a Bonfire before the Door, say the Plenipo's have sign'd the Peace, and the Bank of England's grown honest. (*Exeunt.*)

S. C. E. N. E. opens: Lord Rake, Sir John, &c. at a Table, drinking.

All. Huzza!

Lord R. Come, Boys, charge again——So——Confusion to all Order. Here's Liberty of Conscience,

All. Huzza!

Lord R. I'll sing you a Song I made this Morning to this Purpose.

Sir John. 'Tis wicked, I hope.

Col. B. Don't my Lord tell you he made it?

Sir John. Well then, let's ha't.

Lord Rake sings.

I.

What a Pother of late
Have they kept in the State
About setting our Consciences free?
A bottle has more

Dispensations in Store,
Than the King and the State can decree.

H.

II.

When my Head's full of Wine,
I o'erflow with Design,
And know no Penal laws that can curb me:
Whate'er I devise,
Seems good in my Eyes,
And Religion ne'er dares to disturb me.

III.

No saucy Remorse,
Intrudes in my Course,
Nor impertinent Notions of Evil:
So there's Claret in Store,
In Peace I've my Whore,
And in Peace I jogg on to the Devil.
All sing. So there's Claret, &c.

Lord R. (Rep.) And in Peace I jogg on to the Devil.

Lord R. Well, how do you like it Gentlemen?

All. O, admirable!

Sir John. I would not give a Fig for a Song that is not full of Sin and Impudence.

Lord R. Then my Muse is to your Taste.
But drink away; the Night steals upon us; we shall want Time to be lewd in. Hey, Page, sally out, Sirrah, and see what's doing in the Camp; we'll beat up their Quarters presently.

Page. I'll bring your Lordship an exact Account.

[Exit Page,

Lord R. Now let the Spirit of Clary go round. Fill me a Brimmer. Here's to our Forlorn-hope. Courage, Knight: Victory attends you.

Sir John. And Lawrels shall crown me. Drink away, and be damn'd.

Lord R. Again, Boys, t'other Glas, and damn Morality.

Sir John. (Drunk.) Ay—damn Morality—and damn the Watch; and let the Constable be married.

All. Huzza.

Re-enter Page.

Lord R. How are the Streets inhabited, Sirrah?

Page. My Lord, it's Sunday Night, they are full of unken Citizens.

Lord R. Along then Boys, we shall have a Feast.

Col. B.

Col B. Along, noble Knight.

Sir John. Ay—along, *Bully*; and he that says, Sir John Brute is not as drunk and as religious as the drunknest Citizen of 'em all—is a Liar, and the Son of a Whore.

Col B. Why, that was bravely spoke, and like a free-born *Englishman*.

Sir John. What's that to you, Sir, whether I am an *Englishman* or a *Frenchman*?

Col B. Zoons, you are not angry, Sir?

Sir John. Zoons, I am angry, Sir,—for if I'm a free-born *Englishman*, what have you to do, even to talk of my Privileges?

Lord R. Why, prithee. Knight, don't quarrel here: Leave private Animosities to be decided by Day-Light; let the Night be employed against the publick Enemy.

Sir John. My Lord, I respect you, because you are a Man of Quality: But I'll make that Fellow know, I am within a Hair's-breadth as absolute by my Priviledges, as the King of *France* is by his Prerogative. He by his Prerogative takes Money where it is not his due; I by my Priviledge refuse paying it where I owe it. Liberty and Property, and Old *England*; huzza!

All. Huzza!

[Exit Sir John, reeling.

[All following him.

S C E N E, a Bed-Chamber.

Enter Lady Brute and Belinda.

L. B. Sure it's late *Belinda*: I begin to be sleepy.

Bel. Yes, 'tis near twelve. Will you go to Bed?

L. B. To bed, my Dear? And by that Time I'm fallen into a sweet sleep (or perhaps a sweet dream, which is better and better) Sir John will come home roaring drunk, and be over joy'd he finds me in a Condition to be disturbed.

Bel. O you need not fear him, he's in for all Night. The Servants say he's gone to drink with my Lord *Rake*.

L. B. Nay 'tis not very likely indeed, such suitable Company shou'd part presently. What Hogs Men turn, *Belinda*, when they grow weary of Women!

Bel. And what Owls they are whilst they are fond of 'em.

L. B. But that we may forgive well enough, because they are so upon our Accounts.

Bel. We ought to do so indeed: But 'tis a hard matter.

For

For when a Man is really in love, he looks so unsufferably silly, that tho' a Woman lik'd him well enough before, she has then much ado to endure the Sight of him. And this I take to be the Reason, why Lovers are so generally ill used.

L. B. Well, I own now, I'm well enough pleas'd to see a Man look like an Ass for me.

Bel. Ay, I'm pleas'd he shou'd look like an Ass too— That is I'm pleas'd with myself for making him look so.

L. B. Nay, truly, I think if he'd find some other way to express his Passion, 'twould be more to his Advantage.

Bel. Yes : for then a Woman might like his Passion and him too.

L. B. Yet, *Belinda*, after all, a Woman's Life would be but a dull Business, if 'twere not for Men : and Men that can look like Asses too. We shou'd never blame Fate for the Shortness of our Days ; our Time would hang wretchedly upon our Hands.

Bel. Why, truly, they do help us off with a good Share on't. For were there no Men in the World, of my Conscience, I should be no longer a dressing than I'm a saying my Prayers. Nay tho' it were *Sunday* : For you know one may go to Church without Stays on.

L. B. But don't you think Emulation might do something ? for every Woman you see desires to be finer than her Neighbour.

Bel. That's only that the Men may like her better than her Neighbour. No ; if there were no Men, adieu fine Petticoats, we shou'd be weary of wearing 'em.

L. B. And adieu Plays, we shou'd be weary of seeing 'em.

Bel. Adieu *Hide-Park*, the Dust wou'd choak us.

L. B. Adieu *St. James's*, walking wou'd tire us.

Bel. Adieu *London*, the Smoak wou'd stifle us.

L. B. And adieu going to Church, for religion wou'd ne'er prevail with us.

Both. Ha, ha, ha, ha !

Bel. Our Confession is so very hearty, sure we merit Absolution

L. B. Not unless we go thro' with't, and confess all. So p'ithee for the ease of our Consciences, let's hide nothing.

Bel. Agreed.

L. B. Why then I confess that I love to sit in the Fore-Front

Front of a Box. For if one sits behind, there's two Acts gone, perhaps, before one's found out. And when I am there, if I perceive the Men whispering and looking upon me, you must know, I cannot for my Life forbear thinking they talk to my Advantage. And that sets a thousand little tickling Vanities on foot —

Bel. Just my Case for all the World; but go on.

L. B. I watch with Impatience for the next Jest in the Play, that I might laugh and shew my white Teeth. If the Poet has been dull, and the Jest be long a coming, I pretend to whisper one to my Friend, and from thence fall into a little small Discourse, in which I take occasion to shew my Face in all Humours, brisk, pleas'd, serious, melancholy, languishing. Not that what we say to one another causes any of these Alterations. But —

Bel. Don't trouble yourself to explain: For if I'm not mistaken, you and I have had some of these necessary Dialogues before now, with the same Intention.

L. B. Why, I'll swear, *Belinda*, some People do give strange agreeable Airs to their Faces in speaking. Tell me true—Did you never practice in the Glass?

Bel. Why, did you?

L. B. Yes faith, many a Time.

Bel. And I too, I own it. Both how to speak myself, and how to look when others speak. But my Glass and I could never yet agree what face I should make, when they come blunt out with a nasty thing in a Play: For all the Men presently look upon the Women, that's certain; so laugh we must not, tho' our Stays burst for't; because that's telling Truth, and owning we understand the Jest. And to look serious is so dull, when the whole House is a laughing.

L. B. Besides that looking serious does really betray our Knowledge in the Matter, as much as laughing with the Company wou'd do. For if we did not understand the Thing we should naturally do like other People.

Bel. For my Part, I always take that Occasion to blow my Nose.

L. B. You must blow your Nose half off then at some Plays.

Bel. Why don't some Reformers or other beat the Poet for't.

L. B.

L. B. Because he is not so sure of our private Approbation as of our public Thanks. Well, sure there is not upon Earth so impertinent a Thing as Woman's Modesty.

Bel. Yes; Mens Fantafque, that obliges us to it.

If we quit our Modesty, they say we lose our Charms; and yet they know that very Modesty is Affectation, and rail at our Hypocrisy.

L. B. Thus one would think, 'twere a hard Matter to please 'em, Niece. Yet our kind Mother Nature has given us something, that makes amends for all, Let our Weakness be what it will, Mankind will still be weaker; and whilst there is a World, 'tis Women that will govern it.

But, prithee, one Word of poor *Constant* before we go to bed; if it be but to furnish matter for Dreams; I dare swear he's talking of me now, or thinking of me at least, tho' it be in the middle of his Prayers.

Bel. So he ought, I think; for you were plea'd to make him a good round Advance to-day, Madam.

L. B. Why, I have e'en plagu'd him enough to satisfy any reasonable Woman: He has besieg'd me these two Years to no Purpose.

Bel. And if he besieg'd you two Years more, he'd be well enough paid, so he had the plundering of you at last.

L. B. That may be; but I'm afraid the Town won't be able to hold out much longer; for, to confess the Truth to you, *Belinda*, the Garrison begins to grow mutinous.

Bel. Then the sooner you capitulate, the better.

L. B. Yet, methinks, I wou'd fain stay a little longer, to see you fix too, that we might start together, and see who cou'd love longest. What think you if *Heartfree* shou'd have a Month's mind to you?

Bel. Why, faith, I cou'd almost be in love with him, for despising that foolish affected Lady *Fanciful*; but I'm afraid he's too cold ever to warm himself by my Fire.

L. B. Then he deserves to be froze to Death. Wou'd I were a Man for your Sake, dear Rogue. [*Kissing her.*]

Bel. You'd wish your self a Woman again for your own, or the Men are mistaken.—But if I cou'd make a Conquest of this Son of *Bacchus*, and rival his Bottle; what shou'd I do with him? He has no Fortune; I can't marry him; and sure you wou'd not have me commit Fornication?

L. B.

L. B. Why, if you did Child, 'twou'd be but a good friendly Part; if 'twere only to keep me in Countenance whilst I commit—You know what.

Bel. Well, if I can't resolve to serve you that way, I may perhaps some other, as much to your Satisfaction. But pray how shall we contrive to see these Blades again quickly?

L. B. We must e'en have Recourse to the old way; make 'em an Appointment 'twixt Jest and Earnest, 'twill look like a Frolick, and that you know's a very good Thing to save a Woman's Blushes.

Bel. You advise well; but where shall it be?

L. B. In *Spring-Garden*. But they shan't know their Women, 'till their Women pull off their Masques; for a Surprize is the most agreeable Thing in the World: And I find my self in a very good Humour, ready to do 'em any good Turn I can think on.

Bel. Then pray write 'em the necessary Billet, without farther Delay.

L. B. Let's go into your Chamber then, and whilst you say your Prayers, I'll do it, Child. [*Exit*]

A C T IV.

S C E N E, *Covent-Garden.*

Enter Lord RAKE, Sir JOHN, &c. with Swords drawn.

Lord R. **I**S the Dog dead?

Bully. No, damn him, I heard him wheeze.

Lord R. How the Witch his Wife howl'd!

Bully. Ay, she'll alarm the Watch presently.

Lord R. Appear, Knight, then; come you have a good Cause to fight for, there's a Man murder'd.

Sir John. Is there? Then let his Ghost be satisfy'd: For I'll sacrifice a Constable to it presently; and burn his Body upon his wooden Chair.

Enter a Taylor, with a Bundle under his Arm.

Bully. How now; what have we got here? A Thief?

Taylor. No, an't please you, I'm no Thief.

Lord R. That we'll see presently; Here; let the General examine him.

Sir John. Ay, ay; let me examine him; and I'll lay a hun-

a hundred Pound I find him guilty, in spite of his Teeth—for he looks—like a—sneaking Rascal.

Come, Sirrah, without Equivocation or mental Reservation, tell me of what Opinion you are, and what Calling; for by them—I shall guess at your Morals.

Taylor. An't please you, I'm a dissenting Journeyman-woman's-Taylor.

Sir John. Then, Sirrah, you love lying by your Religion, and Theft by your Trade, and so that your Punishment may be suitable to your Crimes—I'll have you first gagg'd—and then hang'd.

Taylor. Pray, good worthy Gentlemen, don't abuse me; indeed I'm an honest Man, and a good Workman, tho' I say it, that should not say it.

Sir John. No Words, Sirrah, but attend your Fate.

L. R. Let me see what's in that Bundle.

Taylor. An't please you, it is my Lady's short Cloak, and wrapping Gown.

Sir John. What Lady, you Reptile you?

Taylor. My Lady Brute, your Honour.

Sir John. My Lady Brute! my Wife! the Robe of my Wife—with Reverence, let me approach it! The dear Angel is always taking Care of me in Danger, and has sent me this Suit of Armour to protect me in this Day of Battle. On they go.

Om. O brave Knight!

Lord R. Live *Don Quixot* the Second.

Sir John. *Sancho*, my Squire, help me on with my Armour.

Taylor. O dear Gentlemen, I shall be quite undone if you take the Gown.

Sir John. Retire, Sirrah; and since you carry off your Skin, go home, and be happy.

Taylor. I think I'd e'en as good follow the Gentleman's Advice, for if I dispute any longer, who knows but the Whim may take 'em to case me—these Courtiers are fuller of Tricks, than they are of Money—they'll sooner break a Man's Bones, than pay his Bill. [*Exit.*]

Sir John. So, how do you like my Shapes now?

Lord R. To a Miracle! he looks like a Queen of the Amazons—But to your Arms Gentlemen! the Enemy's upon their March—here's the Watch.

Sir *John*. Oons! if it were *Alexander* the Great at the Head of his Army, I would drive him into a Horse pond.

Om. Huzza! O brave Knight!

Sir *John*. See! here he comes with all his *Greeks* about him; follow me Boys.

Enter Watch.

1 *Watch*. Hey Day! who have we got here? Stand.

Sir *John*. May hap not!

1 *Watch*. What are you all doing here in the Street at this Time of the Night? And who are you, Madam, that seem to be at the Head of this noble Crew?

Sir *John*. Sirrah, I am *Bonduca*, Queen of the *Welshmen*, and with a Leek, as long as my Pedigree, I will destroy your *Roman* Legion in an Instant, *Britons* strike home. [*Fights.*

1 *Watch*. So! we have got the Queen, however! We'll make her pay well for her Ransom—Come, Madam, will your Majesty please to walk before the Constable?

Sir *John*. The Constable's a Rascal! and you are a Son of a Whore.

1 *Watch*. A most princely Reply, truly! if this be her Royal Stile, I'll warrant her Maids of Honour prattle prettily; but we'll teach you a little of our Court Dialect, before we part with you, Princess.—Away with her to the Round-House.

Sir *John*. Hands off, you *Ruffians*! my Honour's dearer to me, than my Life! I hope you won't be uncivil!

1 *Watch*. Away with her.

Sir *John*. O! my Honour! my Honour! (*Exeunt.*)

S C E N E, a Bed-Chamber.

Enter Heartfree solus.

What the Plague ails me?—Love? No, I thank you for that, my Heart's Rock still.—Yet 'tis *Belinda* that disturbs me; that's positive.—Well, what of all that? Must I love her for being troublesome? At that rate, I might love all the Women I meet, I gad.—But hold;—tho' I don't love her for disturbing me, yet she may disturb me, because I love her—Ay, that may be, faith.—I have dreamt of her, that's certain.—

Well, so I have of my Mother; therefore what's that to the Purpose? Ay, but *Belinda* runs in my Mind waking—
ing—

ing—And so does many a damn'd Thing, that I don't care a Farthing for—Methinks tho', I would fain be talking to her, and yet I have no Business—Well, am I the first Man, that has had a Mind to do an impertinent Thing. *Enter Constant.*

Con. How now, *Heartfree*? What makes you up and drefs'd so soon? I thought none but Lovers quarrell'd with their Beds; I expected to have found you snoaring as you us'd to do.

Heart. Why, faith Friend, 'tis the Care I have of your Affairs, that makes me so thoughtful; I have been studying all Night, how to bring your Matter about with *Belinda*.

Con. With *Belinda*?

Heart. With my Lady, I mean, and faith I have mighty Hopes on't. Sure you must be very well satisfy'd with her Behaviour to you Yesterday.

Con. So well, that nothing but a Lover's Fears can make me doubt of Success. But what can this sudden Change proceed from?

Heart. Why, you saw her Husband beat her; did you not?

Con. That's true: A Husband is scarce to be borne upon any Terms, much less when he fights with his Wife. Methinks she should e'en have cuckolded him upon the very spot, to shew that after the Battle she was Master of the Field.

Heart. A Council of War of Women would infallibly have advis'd her to't. But, I confess, so agreeable a Woman as *Belinda* deserves better Usage.

Con. *Belinda* again!

Heart. My Lady, I mean: What a-pox makes me blunder so to-day? (*Aside.*) A Plague of this treacherous Tongue.

Con. Prithee look upon me seriously, *Heartfree*—Now answer me directly. Is it my Lady, or *Belinda*, employs your careful Thoughts thus?

Heart. My Lady, or *Belinda*!

Con. In love, by this Light, in love.

Heart. In love?

Con. Nay, ne'er deny it, for thou'lt do it so awkwardly, 'twill but make the Jest sit heavier about thee. My dear Friend, I give thee much Joy.

Heart. Why prithee, you won't persuade me to it, will you?

Con. That she's Mistress of your Tongue, that's plain; and I know you are so honest a Fellow, your Tongue and Heart always go together.—But how? but how the Devil? Pha, ha, ha, ha.——

Heart. Hey day: Why sure you don't believe it in earnest?

Con. Yes I do, because I see you deny it in jest.

Heart. Nay, but look you, *Ned*—a—deny in jest—a—gadzooks, you know I say—a—when a Man denies a Thing in Jest—a—

Con. Pha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Heart. Nay, then we shall have it: What, because a Man stumbles at a Word: did you never make a Blunder?

Con. Yes, for I am in love, I own it.

Heart. Then, so am I—Now laugh till thy Soul's glutted with Mirth. (*Embracing him.*) But, dear *Constant*, don't tell the Town on't.

Con. Nay then, 'twere almost Pity to laugh at thee, after so honest a Confession.

But tell us a little, *Jack*. By what new-invented Arms has this mighty Stroak been given?

Heart. E'en by that unaccountable Weapon, call'd, *Je ne scai quoy*: For every thing that can come within the Verge of Beauty, I have seen it with Indifference.

Con. So in few Words then, the *Je ne scai quoy* has been too hard for the quilted Petticoat.

Heart. I gad, I think the *Je ne scai quoy*, is in the quilt-Petticoat; at least, 'tis certain, I ne'er think on't without—a—a *Je ne scai quoy* in every part about me.

Con. Well, but have all your Remedies lost their Virtue? have you turn'd her inside out yet?

Heart. I dare not so much as think on't.

Con. But don't the two Years Fatigue, I have had, discourage you?

Heart. Yes, I dread what I foresee; yet cannot quit the Enterprize. Like some Soldiers, whose Courage dwells more in their Honour, than their Nature; on they go, tho' the Body trembles, at what the Soul makes it undertake

Con. Nay, if you expect your Mistress will use you,

as your Profanations against her Sex deserve, you tremble justly.—But how do you intend to proceed, Friend?

Heart. Thou know'st I'm but a Novice; be friendly and advise me.

Con. Why look you then, I'd have you—serenade and a—write a Song—Go to Church, look like a Fool—Be very officious: Ogle, write and lead out; and who knows but in a Year or two's Time, you may be——call'd a troublesome Puppy, and sent about your Business.

Heart. That's hard.

Con. Yet thus it oft falls out with Lovers, Sir.

Heart. Pox on me for making one of the Number.

Con. Have a Care: Say no saucy Things: 'Twill but augment your Crime; and if your Mistress hears on't, increase your Punishment.

Heart. Prithee say something then to encourage me; you know I help'd you in your Distress.

Con. Why then to encourage you to Perseverance, that you may be thoroughly ill us'd for your Offences, I'll put you in mind, that even the coyest Ladies of 'em all, are made up of Desires, as well as we; and tho' they do hold out a long Time, they will capitulate at last. For that thundering Engineer, Nature, does make such Havock in the Town, they must surrender at long Run, or perish in their own Flames:

Enter a Footman.

Sir, there's a Porter without with a Letter; he desires to give it into your own Hands.

Con. Call him in.

Enter a Porter.

Con. What, Jo; is it thee?

Por. An't please you, Sir, I was order'd to deliver this into your own Hands, by two well-shaped Ladies, at the *New-Exchange*. I was at your Honour's Lodgings, and your Servants sent me hither.

Con. 'Tis well. Are you to carry any Answer?

Por. No, my noble Master: They gave me my Orders, and whip, they were gone, like a Maiden-head at Fifteen.

Con. Very well; there.

[*Gives him Money.*

Por. God bless your Honour

(*Exit Porter.*

Con. Now let's see what honest trusty Jo has brought us.

Reads) If you and your Play-fellow can spare Time from your Business and Devotions, don't fail to be at Spring-Garden about eight in the Evening. You'll find nothing there but Women, so you need bring no other Arms than what you usually carry about you.

So, Play-fellow: Here's something to stay your Stomach, till your Mistress's Dish is ready for you.

Heart. Some of our old batter'd Acquaintance, I won't go, not I.

Con. Nay, that you can't avoid: There's Honour in the Case; 'tis a Challenge, and I want a Second.

Heart. I doubt I shall be but a very uselefs one to you; for I'm so dishearten'd by this Wound *Belinda* has given me; I don't think I shall have Courage enough to draw my Sword.

Con. O, if that be all, come along; I'll warrant you'll find Sword enough for such Enemies as we have to deal with. *(Exeunt.)*

Enter Constable and Watch with Sir John.

Const. Come, forsooth, come along if you please! I once in Compassion, thought to have seen you safe home this Morning: But you have been so rampant and abusive all Night, I shall see what the Justice of Peace will say to you.

Sir John. And you shall see what I'll say to the Justice of Peace. *(Watch knocks, a Servant enters.)*

Const. Is Mr. Justice at home?

Ser. Yes.

Const. Pray acquaint his Worship we have got an unruly Woman here, and desire to know what he'll please to have done with her.

Ser. I'll acquaint my Master. *(Exit.)*

Sir John. Hark you, Constable, what cuckoldy Justice is this?

Const. One that will know how to deal with such Romps as you are, I'll warrant you.

Enter Justice.

Just. Well, Mr. Constable, what's the Matter here?

Const. An't please your Worship, this here comical Sort of a Gentlewoman, has committed great Outrages to Night, she has been frolicking with my Lord *Rake* and

and his Gang, they attack'd the Watch, and I hear there has been a Gentleman kill'd: I believe 'tis they have done't.

Sir *John*. There may have been Murder for ought I know, and 'tis a great Mercy, there has not been a Rape too—for this Fellow would have ravish'd me.

Watch. Ravish! I ravish! O lud! O lud! O lud! I ravish her! Why please your Honour, I heard Mr. Constable say, he believ'd she was little better than a *Mopbrodite*.

Just. Why truly, she does seem to be a little masculine about the Mouth.

Watch. Yes, and about the Hands too—an't please your Worship. I did but offer in mere Civility to help her up the Steps into our Appartment; and with her gippen Fist—ay, just so, Sir. (*Sir John knocks him down.*)

Sir *John*. I fell'd him to the Ground like an Ox.

Just. Out upon this boisterous Woman! out upon her!

Sir *John*. Mr. Justice, he wou'd have been uncivil! It was in Defence of my Honour, and I demand Satisfaction.

Watch. I hope your Worship will satisfy her Honour in Bridewell, that Fist of her's will make an admirable Hemp-beater.

Sir *John*. Sir, I hope you will protect me against that libidinous Rascal—I am a Woman of Quality, and Virtue too, for all I am in a sort of an Undress this Morning.

Just. Why, she really has the Air of a Sort of a Woman a little somethingish out of the common—Madam, if you expect I should be favourable to you, I desire I may know who you are.

Sir *John*. Sir, I am any Body, at your Service.

Just. Lady I desire to know your Name.

Sir *John*. Sir, my Name's *Mary*.

Just. Ay, but your Sirname, Madam.

Sir *John*. Sir, my Sirname's the very same with my Husband's.

Just. A strange Woman this! who is your Husband pray?

Sir *John*. Why, Sir *John*.

Just. Sir *John* who?

Sir *John*. Why, Sir *John* Brute.

Just. Is it possible, Madam, you can be my Lady Brute?

Sir *John* That happy Woman, Sir, am I! only a little in my Merriment to-night.

Just. I'm concern'd for Sir *John*.

Sir *John*. Truly, so am I.

Just. I've heard he's an honest Gentleman.

Sir *John*. As ever drank.

Just. Good lack! indeed Lady, I am sorry he shou'd have such a Wife.

Sir *John*. I'm sorry he has any Wife at all.

Just. And so perhaps may he—I doubt you have not given him a very good Taste of Matrimony.

Sir *John*. Taste Sir, I have scorn'd to stint him to a Taste, I have given him a full Meal of it.

Just. Indeed, I believe so! but pray, fair Lady, may he have given you any Occasion for this extraordinary Conduct does he not use you well?

Sir *John*. A little upon the Rough sometimes.

Just. Ay, any Man may be out of Humour now and then.

Sir *John*. Sir, I love Peace and Quiet, and when a Woman don't find that at home, she's apt sometimes to comfort her'elf with a few innocent Diversions abroad.

Just. I doubt he uses you but too well—pray how does he as to that weighty Thing Money? does he allow you what's proper of that?

Sir *John*. Sir, I have generally enough to pay the Reckoning, if this Son of a Whore the Drawer would bring his Bill.

Just. A strange Woman this—does he spend a reasonable Portion of his Time at home, to the Comfort of his Wife and Children?

Sir *John*. Never gave his Wife cause to repine at his being abroad in his Lite.

Just. Pray, Madam, how may he be in the grand matrimonial Point—is he true to your Bed?

Sir *John*. Chaste!—Oons! this Fellow asks so many impertinent Questions, egad, I believe it is the Justice's Wife, in the Justice's Cloaths.

Just. 'Tis a great Pity he shou'd have been thus disposed of—pray Madam, and then I have done, what may be your Ladyship's common Method of Life? If I may presume so far.

Sir

Sir John. Why, Sir, much like that of a Woman of Quality.

Just. Pray how may you generally pass your Time, Madam? Your Morning for Example.

Sir John. Sir, like a Woman of Quality—I wake about two a Clock in the Afternoon—I stretch—and then—make a Sign for my Chocolate—when I have drank three Cups—I slide down again upon my back with my Arms over my head, while two Maids puts on my Stockings—then, hanging upon their shoulders, I am trail'd to my great Chair, where I sit—and yawn for my breakfast—if it don't come presently, I lie down upon my Couch, to say my Prayers, while my Maid reads me the Play Bills.

Just. Very well, Madam.

Sir John. When the Tea is brought in—I drink twelve regular Dishes, with eight slices of bread and butter—and half an Hour after I send to the Cook to know if the Dinner is almost ready.

Just. Soh, Madam.

Sir John. By that Time my Head's half drest, I hear my Husband swearing himself into a State of Perdition, that the Meat's all cold upon the Table—to mend which, I come down in an Hour more, and have it sent back to the Kitchen to be all drest over again.

Just. Poor Man!

Sir John. When I have din'd, and my idle Servants are presumptuously set down at their Ease to do so too, I call for my Coach, go to visit fifty dear Friends, of whom, I hope, I never shall find one at home while I shall live.

Just. So; there's the Morning and Afternoon pretty well disposed of—Pray Madam, how do you pass your Evenings?

Sir John. Like a woman of Spirit, Sir, a great Spirit, give me a box and dice—Seven's the Main, Oons Sir, I set you a hundred Pounds! why do you think women are married now-a-days to sit at home and mend Napkins? Sir, we have nobler ways of passing Time.

Just. Mercy upon us, Mr. Constable, what will this Age come to!

Const. What will it come to indeed, if such Women as these are not set in the Stocks.

Sir John. I have a little urgent Business calls upon me; and therefore I desire the Favour of you, to bring Matters to a Conclusion.

Just. Madam, If I were sure that Business were not to commit more Disorders, I would release you.

Sir John. None—by my Virtue.

Just. Then Mr. Constable, you may discharge her.

Sir John. Sir, your very humble Servant. If you please to accept of a Bottle—

Just. I thank you kindly, Madam; but I never drink in a morning, good-buy, Madam, good-buy to ye.

Sir John. Good-buy t'ye, good Sir. (*Exit Justice.*)

So—now, Mr. Constable, shall you and I go pick up a Whore together?

Const. No, thank you Madam, my Wife's enough to satisfy any reasonable Man.

Sir John. (*Aside.*) He, he, he, he, he—the Fool is married then. Well, you won't go?

Const. Not I, truly.

Sir John. Then I'll go by myself; and you and your Wife may be damn'd. (*Exit Sir John.*)

Const. (*Gazing after him*) Why, God-a-mercy my Lady. (*Exeunt.*)

S C E N E, *Spring-Garden.*

Constant and Heartfree cross the Stage. As they go off, Enter Lady Fancyful and Madamoiselle mask'd, and dogging them.

Con. So: I think we are about the Time appointed; let us walk up this Way. (*Exeunt.*)

L. Fan. Good: Thus far I have dogg'd 'em without being discovered. 'Tis infallibly some Intrigue that brings them to *Spring-Garden*. How my poor Heart is torn and wrack'd with Fear and Jealousy! yet let it be any thing but that Flirt *Belinda*, and I'll try to bear it. But if it prove her, all that's Woman in me shall be employ'd to destroy her [*Exeunt after Constant and Heartfree.*]

Re-enter Constant and Heartfree. Lady Fancyful and Madamoiselle still following at a distance.

Con. I see no Females yet that have any thing to say to us. I'm afraid we are bantered.

Heart

Heart. I wish we were ; for I'm in no Humour to make either them or myself merry.

Con. Nay, I'm sure you'll make them merry enough, if I tell them why you are dull. But prithee, why so heavy and sad, before you begin to be ill used ?

Heart. For the same Reason, perhaps, that you are so brisk and well pleas'd ; because both Pains and Pleasures are generally more considerable in prospect, than when they come to pass.

Enter Lady Brute and Belinda, mask'd and poorly dress'd.

Con. How now who are these ? not our Game, I hope.

Heart. If they are, we are e'en well enough served, to come a hunting here, when we had so much better Game in Chase elsewhere.

L. Fan. to Mademoiselle. So, these are their Ladies without Doubt. But I am afraid that *Doily* stuff is not worn for want of better Cloaths. They are the very shape and size of *Belinda* and her Aunt.

Mad. So dey be inteed, Matam.

L. Fan. We'll slip into this close Arbor, where we may hear all they say. (*Exeunt Lady Fan. and Madam.*)

L. B. What, are you afraid of us, Gentlemen ?

Heart. Why truly, I think we may, if Appearances don't lye.

Bel. Do you always find Women what they appear to be, Sir ?

Heart. No, forsooth ; but I seldom find them better than they appear to be.

Bel. Then the Outside's best, you think ?

Heart. 'Tis the honestest.

Con. Have a Care, *Heartfree* ; you are relapsing again.

L. B. Why, does the Gentleman use to rail at women ?

Con. He has done so formerly.

Bel. I suppose he had very good Cause for it. They did not use you so well as you thought you deserved, Sir.

L. B. They made themselves merry at your Expence, Sir.

Bel. Laugh'd when you sigh'd

L. B. Slept while you were waking,

Bel.

Bel. Had your Porter beat.

L. B. And threw your Billet doux into the Fire.

Heart. Hey-day. I shall do more than rail presently.

Bel. Why you won't beat us, will you?

Heart. I don't know but I may.

Con. What the Devil's coming here? Sir *John* in a Gown?—And drunk, I faith.

Enter Sir John.

Sir John. What a Pox—here's *Constant*, *Heartfree*—and two Whores, I gad—O you covetous Rogues! what have you never a spare Punk for your Friend—but I'll share with you. *(He seizes both the Women.)*

Heart. Why, what the Plague have you been doing Knight?

Sir John. Why; I have been beating the Watch, and scandalising the Women.

Heart. A very good Account, truly.

Sir John. And what do you think I'll do next,

Con. Nay, that no Man can guess.

Sir John. Why, if you'll let me sup with you, I'll treat both your Strumpets.

L. B. *(Aside.)* O Lord we are undone?

Heart. No, we can't sup together, because we have some Affairs elsewhere. But if you'll accept of these two Ladies, we will be so complaisant to you, to resign our Right in them.

Bel. *(Aside.)* Lord, what shall we do?

Sir John. Let me see, their Cloaths are such damn'd Cloaths, they won't pawn for the Reckoning.

Heart. *Sir John*, your Servant, Rapture attend you.

Con. Adieu, Ladies, make much of the Gentleman.

L. B. Why sure, you won't leave us in the Hands of a drunken Fellow to abuse us.

Sir John. Who do you call a drunken Fellow, you Slut you: I'm a Man of Quality; the King has made me a Knight.

Heart. Ay, ay, you are in good hands; adieu adieu. *(Heart. runs off.)*

L. B. The Devil's Hands: Let me go or I'll—For Heaven's Sake protect us.

(She breaks from him, and runs to Constant, twiviching off her Masque and clapping it on again.)

Sir John.

Sir *John*. I'll devil you, you Jade you. I'll demolish your ugly Face.

Con. Hold a little, Knight, she swoons.

Sir *John*. I'll swoon her.

Con. Hey, *Heartfree*.

Re-enter Heartfree, *Belinda runs to him, and shews her face.*

Heart. O Heavens! My dear Creature stand there a little.

Con. Pull him off, Jack.

Heart. Hold, mighty Man, look you Sir, we did but jest with you. These are Ladies of our Acquaintance that we had a mind to frighten a little; but now you must leave us.

Sir *John*. Oons, I won't leave you, not I.

Heart. Nay, but you must though; and therefore make no words on it.

Sir *John*. Then you are a couple of damn'd uncivil Fellows. And I hope your Punks will give you sauce to your Mutton. *(Exit Sir John.*

L. B. Oh, I shall never come to myself again, I am so frightened.

Con. 'Twas a narrow 'Scape, indeed.

Bel. Women must needs have Frolicks, you see, what ever they cost them.

Heart. This might have prov'd a dear one tho'.

L. B. You are the more oblig'd to us, for the Risque we run upon your Accounts.

Con. And I hope you'll acknowledge something due to our Knight-Errantry, Ladies. This is the second Time we have deliver'd you.

L. B. 'Tis true; and since we see Fate has design'd you for our Guardians, it will make us the more willing to trust ourselves in your Hands. But you must not have the worse opinion of us for our innocent Frolick.

Heart. Ladies, you may command our Opinions, in every Thing that is to your Advantage.

Bel. Then, Sir, I command you to be of Opinion, that women are sometimes better than they appear to be. *(Lady Brute and Constant talk apart.*

Heart. Madam, you have made a Convert of me in every Thing. I am grown a Fool: I could be fond of a woman.

Pe

Bel. I thank you Sir, in the Name of the whole sex.

Heart. Which Sex, nothing but yourself cou'd ever have atton'd for.

Bel. Now has my Vanity a devilish Itch, to know in what my Merit consists.

Heart. In your Humility, Madam, that keeps you ignorant it consists at all.

Bel. One other Compliment with that serious Face, and I hate you for ever after.

Heart. Some women love to be abus'd: Is that it you wou'd be at?

Bel. No, not that neither: But I'd have Men talk plainly what's fit for women to hear; without putting them either to a real, or an affected blush.

Heart. Why then, in as plain Terms as I can find to express myself, I could love you even to—Matrimony itself almost, I gad.

Bel. Just as Sir *John* did her Ladyship there.

What think you? Don't you believe one Month's Time might bring you down to the same Indifference, only clad in a little better Manners, perhaps? well, you Men are unaccountable Things, mad 'till you have your Mistresses, and then stark mad 'till you are rid of them again. Tell me, honestly, is not your Patience put to a much severer Tryal after Possession, than before?

Heart. With a great many, I must confess it is, to our eternal scandal; but I—dear Creature, do but try me.

Bel. That's the surest way indeed, to know, but not the safest.

To L. B.) Madam are not you for taking a Turn in the great walk: It's almost dark, no body will know us.

L. B. Really I find myself something idle, *Belinda*; besides, I dote upon this little odd private Corner. But don't let my lazy fancy confine you.

Con. (Aside.) So, she wou'd be left alone with me, that's well.

Bel. Well, we'll take one Turn, and come to you again.

To Heart.) Come, Sir, shall we go pry into the secrets of the Garden. Who knows what Discoveries we may make?

Heart. Madam, I'm at your service.

Con.

Con. (*To Heart. aside*) Don't make too much haste back ; for, d'ye hear—I may be busy.

Heart. Enough. (*Exit. Bel. and Heart.*

L. B. Sure you think me scandalously free, Mr. *Constant*. I'm afraid I shall lose your good Opinion of me.

Con. My good Opinion, Madam, is like your Cruelty, never to be removed.

L. B. But if I shou'd remove my Cruelty, then there's an End of your good Opinion.

Con. There is not so strict an Alliance between them neither. 'Tis certain, I shou'd love you then better (if that be possible) than I do now ; and where I love, I always esteem.

L. B. Indeed, I doubt you much :

Why suppose you had a Wife, and she should entertain a Gallant.

Con. If I gave her just Cause, how cou'd I justly condemn her ?

L. B. Ah : but you differ widely about just Causes.

Con. But blows can bear no Dispute.

L. B. Nor ill Manners much, truly.

Con. Then no Woman upon earth has so just a Cause as you have.

L. B. O, but a faithful wife, is a beautiful Character.

Con. To a deserving Husband, I confess it is.

L. B. But can his Faults release my Duty ?

Con. In Equity without doubt. And where Laws dispense with Equity, Equity should dispense with Laws.

L. B. Pray let's leave this dispute ; for you Men have as much witchcraft in your Arguments, as Women have in their Eyes.

Con. But whilst you attack me with your Charms, 'tis but reasonable I assault you with mine.

L. B. The Case is not the same. What Mischief we do, we can't help, and therefore are to be forgiven.

Con. Beauty soon obtains Pardon, for the pain that it gives, when it applies the balm of Compassion to the wound : But a fine Face, and a hard Heart, is almost as bad, as an ugly Face and a soft one ; But very troublesome to many a poor Gentleman.

L. B. Yes, and to many a poor Gentlewoman too, I can assure you. But, pray, which of them is it, that most afflicts you ?

Con.

Con. Your Glafs and Conscience will inform you, Madam. But, for Heaven's sake (for now I must be serious) if Pity or if Gratitude can move you.

(Taking her hand.)

If Constancy and Truth have power to tempt you : if Love, if Adoration can affect you, give me at least some Hopes, that Time may do, what you perhaps mean never to perform ; 'twill ease my Sufferings, tho' not quench my Flame.

L. B. Your Sufferings eas'd, your flame wou'd soon abate : And that I wou'd preserve, not quench it, Sir.

Con. Wou'd you preserve it, nourish it with favours ; for that's the food it naturally requires.

L. B. Yet on that natural food, 'twould surfeit soon, shou'd I resolve to grant all you wou'd ask.

Con. And in refusing all, you starve it. Forgive me therefore, if since my hunger rages, I at last grow wild, and in my frenzy force at least this from you.

(Kissing her Hand)

Or if you'd have my Flame soar higher still, then grant me this, and this, and this, and thousands more,

(Kissing first her Hand, and then her Neck.)

Aside.) For now's the time, she melts into Compassion.

L. B. (Aside.) Poor coward Virtue, how it shuns the battle. O Heavens ! Let me go.

Con. Ay, go, ay : Where shall we go, my charming Angel—into this private Arbour—Nay, let's lose no Time—Moments are precious.

L. B. And Lovers wild ; pray let us stop here ; at least for this Time.

Con. 'Tis impossible : He that has Power over you, can have none over himself.

L. B. Ah ; I'm lost. *(As he is forcing her into the*

L. Fau. Fe, fe, fe, fe, fe. *Arbour, Lady Fancyful and*

Mad. Fe, fe, fe, fe, fe. *Mademoiselle bolt out upon*

L. B. Oh Heavens ! I'm out of my Wits : If they *them and run over the Stage.*

knew me, I'm ruin'd.

Con. Don't be frightened ; ten thousand to one they are Strangers to you.

L. B. Whatever they are, I won't stay here a moment longer.

Con.

Con. Whither will you go ?

L. B. Home, as if the Devil were in me. Lord where's this *Belinda* now ?

Enter Belinda and Heartfree.

O ! it is well you are come : I am so frightened my Hair stands on end : Let us be gone, for Heaven's sake.

Bel. Lord what's the Matter ?

L. B. The Devil's the Matter, we are discovered. Here is a Couple of Women have done the most impertinent Thing. Away, away, away, away, away.

(Exit running.)

Re-enter Lady Fancyful and Madamoiselle.

L. Fan. Well, *Madamoiselle*, it is a prodigious thing, how Women can suffer filthy Fellows to grow so familiar with them.

Mad. Ay Matam, *il n'y a rien de si Naturel.*

L. Fan. Fe, fe, fe. But, oh my Heart ! O Jealousy : O Torture ! I am upon the Rack. What shall I do ? My Lover's lost, I ne'er shall see him mine.

Pausing—] But I may be reveng'd ; and that's the same Thing. Ay, sweet Revenge. Thou welcome Thought, thou healing Balsam to my wounded Soul. Be but propitious on this one Occasion, I'll place my Heaven in thee, for all my Life to come.

To Woman how indulgent Nature's kind :

No blast of fortune long disturbs her mind :

Compliance to her fate supports her still ;

If love won't make her happy—Mischief will. (Exeunt.)

A C T V.

S C E N E. *Lady Fancyful's House.*

Enter Lady Fancyful and Madamoiselle.

L. Fan. WELL, *Madamoiselle* ; did you dog the filthy Things ?

Mad. O que ouy, Matam,

L. Fan. And where are they ?

Mad. *Au logis.*

L. Fan. What ? Men and all ?

Mad. *Tous ensemble.*

L. Fan. O Confidence ? What carry their Fellows to their own House ?

Mad.

Mad. C'est que le Mar n'y est pas.

L. Fan. No, so I believe, truly. But he shall be there; and quickly too, If I can find him out.

Well, 'tis a prodigious Thing, to see when men and women get together, how they fortify one another in their Impudence. But if that Drunken Fool her Husband be to be found in e'er a Tavern in Town, I'll send him amongst them. I'll spoil their sport.

Mad. En verité. Matam, ce seroit dommage.

L. Fan. 'Tis in vain to oppose it, *Mademoiselle*; therefore never go about it. For I am the steadiest Creature in the world—when I have determined to do Mischief. So come along. (*Exeunt.*)

S C E N E, *Sir John Brute's House.*

Enter Constant. Heartfree, Lady Brute, Belinda, and Lovewell.

L. B. But are you sure you don't mistake, *Lovewell*.

Love. Madam, I saw them all go into the Tavern together, and my Master was so drunk he cou'd scarce stand. (*Exit Love.*)

L. B. Then Gentlemen, I believe we may venture to let you stay and play at Cards with us an Hour or two; for they'll scarce part 'till Morning.

Bel. I think 'tis pity they should ever part.

Con. 'The Company that's here, Madam.

L. B. Then Sir, the Company that's here, must remember to part itself, in time.

Con. Madam, we don't intend to forfeit your future Favours, by indiscreet Usage of this. The Moment you give us the signal, we shan't fail to make our Retreat.

L. B. Upon those Conditions then, let us sit down to Cards.

Enter Lovewell.

Lov. O Lord, Madam, here's my Master just staggering in upon you. He has been quarrelsome yonder, and they have kick'd him out of the Company.

L. B. Into the Closet, Gentlemen, for Heaven's sake, I'll wheedle him to bed if possible.

Constant and Heartfree run into the Closet.

Enter Sir John, all dirty and bloody.

L. B. Ah—ah—he's all over blood.

Sir John.

Sir *John*. What the Plague does the woman—squal for ? Did you never see a Man in Pickle before.

L. B. Lord where have you been ?

Sir *John*. I have been at —— Cuffs.

L. B. I fear that is not all. I hope you are not wounded ?

Sir *John*. Sound as a Roach, Wife.

L. B. I'm mighty glad to hear it.

Sir *John*. You know—I think you lie.

L. B. I know you do me wrong to think so. For Heaven's my witness, I had rather see my own blood trickle down, than yours.

Sir *John*. Then will I be crucify'd.

L. B. 'Tis a hard Fate, I shou'd not be believ'd.

Sir *John*. 'Tis a damn'd atheistical Age, Wife.

L. B. I am sure, I have given you a thousand tender Proofs, how great my Care is of you, But, spite of all your cruel Thoughts, I'll still persist ; and at this Moment, if I can, persuade you to lie down and sleep a little.

Sir *John*. Why —— do you think I am drunk—— you Slut you ?

L. B. Heaven forbid, I shou'd : But I'm afraid you are feverish. Pray let me feel your Pulse.

Sir *John*. Stand off and be damn'd.

L. B. Why, I see your Distemper in your very Eyes. You are all on Fire. Pray go to bed ; let me intreat you.

Sir *John*. Come kiss me then.

L. B. *Kissing him*) There : Now go.

Aside) He stinks like Poison.

Sir *John*. I see it goes damnably against your stomach —And therefore—Kiss me again.

L. B. Nay, now you fool me.

Sir *John*. Do it, I say.

L. B. *(Aside.)* Ah Lord have mercy upon me. Well ; there ; Now will you go ;

Sir *John*. Now, Wife, you shall see my Gratitude. You gave me two Kisses —— I'll give you —— two Hundred.

(Kisses and tumbles her.

L. B. O Lord : Pray, Sir *John*, be quiet. Heavens, what a Pickle am I in !

Bel.

Bel. (*Aside*.) If I were in her Pickle, I'd call my Gallant out of the Closet, and he shou'd cudgel him soundly.

Sir John. So, now you being as dirty and as nasty as myself, we may pig together. But first I must have a Cup of your cold Tea, Wife (*Going to her Closet*.)

L. B. O, I'm ruin'd! There's none there, my Dear.

Sir John. I'll warrant you, I'll find some, my dear.

L. B. You can't open the Door, the Lock's spoil'd, I have been turning and turning the Key, this half hour to no purpose. I'll send for the Smith To-morrow.

Sir John. There's ne'er a Smith in *Europe* can open a Door with more Expedition than I can do—As for Example—Pou. (*He bursts open the Door with his foot*.)

—How—now?—what the Devil have we got here?—

*Constant—Heartfree—*And two Whores again. I gad—This is the worst cold Tea— that ever I met with in my Life——

Enter Constant and Heartfree.

L. B. (*Aside*.) O Lord, what will become of us?

Sir John. Gentlemen—I am your very humble servant—I give you many Thanks—I see you take care of my Family—I shall do all I can to return the Obligation.

Con. Sir how odly soever this business may appear to you, you'd have no Cause to be uneasy, if you knew the Truth of all Things: Your Lady is the most virtuous Woman in the world, and nothing has pass but an innocent Frolick.

Heart. Nothing else, upon my Honour, Sir.

Sir John. You are both very civil Gentlemen—And my Wife, there, is a very civil Gentlewoman; therefore. I don't doubt but many civil Things have pass between you. Your very humble Servant.

L. B. (*Aside to Con.*) Pray, be gone; he's so drunk he can't hurt us to-night, and to morrow Morning you shall hear from us.

Con. I'll obey you, Madam.

Sir, when you are cool, you'll understand reason better. So, then I shall take the Pains to inform you. If not—I wear a sword, Sir, and so good-b'wy to you.

Come along, *Heartfree.*

(*Exit Con. and Heart*.)

Sir

Sir *John*. Wear a Sword, Sir—And what of all that Sir?—He comes to my House ; eats my Meat ; Lies with my Wife ; dishonours my Family ; gets a Bastard to inherit my Estate—And when I ask a civil Account of all this—Sir, says he, I wear a Sword—Wear a Sword, Sir ? Yes, says he, I wear a Sword. It may be a good Answer at Cross-purposes ; but 'tis a damn'd one to a Man in my whimsical Circumstance—Sir, says he, I wear a Sword.

To L. B.) And what do you wear now ? Ha ! tell me.

(Sitting down in a Great Chair.

What ? You are modest, and can't?—Why then, I'll tell you, you Slut you.—You wear—an impudent lewd Face——A damn'd designing Heart—And a Tail—and a Tail full of—

(He falls fast asleep snoring.

L. B. So ; Thanks to kind Heaven, he's fast for some Hours.

Bel. 'Tis well he is so, that we may have Time to lay our story handsomely ; for we must lie like the Devil to bring ourselves off.

L. B. What shall we say, *Belinda* ?

Bel. (*Musing*)—I'll tell you : It must all light upon *Heartfree* and I. We'll say he has courted me some time. But for Reasons unknown to us, has ever been very earnest the thing might be kept from Sir *John*. That, therefore, hearing him upon the stairs, he run into the Closet, tho' against our will, and *Constant* with him, to prevent Jealousy. And to give this a good impudent Face of Truth, (that I may deliver you from the Trouble you are in) I'll e'en (if he pleases) marry him.

L. B. I'm beholden to you, Cousin ; but that wou'd be carrying the Jest a little too far for your own sake. You know he's a younger Brother, and has nothing.

Bel. 'Tis true : But I like him, and have Fortune enough to keep above Extremity. I can't say, I wou'd live with him in a Cell upon Love, and Bread and Butter ; But I had rather have the Man I love, and a middle State of Life, than that Gentleman in the Chair there, and twice your Ladyship's Splendor.

L. B. In truth, Niece, you are in the right on't : For I am very uneasy with my Ambition. But, perhaps, had I married as you'll do, I might have been as ill us'd.

Bel.

Bel. Some Risque, I do confess, there always is : But if a Man has the least spark, either of Honour or good-Nature, he can never use a Woman ill, that loves him, and makes his Fortune both. Yet I must own to you, some little Struggling I still have, with this teasing Ambition of ours. For Pride, you know, is as natural to a Woman, as 'tis to a Saint. I can't help being fond of this Rogue ; and yet it goes to my Heart, to think I must never whisk to *Hide Park*, with above a Pair of Horses ; have no Coronet upon my Coach, or a Page to carry up my Train. But above all—that business of Place—Well ; taking Place, is a noble Prerogative.

L. B. Especially after a Quarrel.

Bel. Or of a Rival. But pray, say, no more on't, for fear I change my Mind. For o' my Conscience, were't not for your Affair in the ballance, I shou'd go near to pick up some odious Man of Quality yet, and only take poor *Heartfree* for a Gallant.

L. B. Then him you must have, however Things go.

Bel. Yes.

L. B. Why, we may pretend what we will ; but 'tis a hard Matter to Live without the Man we Love.

Bel. Especially when we are married to the Man we hate. Pray tell me ; do the Men of the Town ever believe us virtuous, when they see us do so ?

L. B. O, no : Nor indeed hardly, let us do what we will. They most of 'em think, there's no such Thing as Virtue, consider'd in the strictest Notions of it : And therefore when you hear 'em say, such a one is a Woman of Reputation, they only mean she's a Woman of Discretion. For they consider, we have no more Religion than they have, nor so much Morality ; and between you and I, *Belinda*, I'm afraid the want of Inclination seldom protects any of us.

Bel. But what think you of the Fear of being found out ?

L. B. I think that never kept any Woman virtuous long. We are not such Cowards neither. No ; let us once pass fifteen, and we have too good an Opinion of our own Cunning, to believe the World can penetrate

into

into what we wou'd keep a secret. And so, in short, we cannot reasonably blame the Men for judging of us by themselves.

Bel. But sure we are not so wicked as they are after all.

L. B. We are as wicked, Child, but our Vice lies another way. Men have more Courage than we, so they commit more bold, impudent sins. They quarrel, fight, swear, drink, blaspheme, and the like. Whereas we being Cowards, only backbite, tell lies, cheat at Cards, and so forth. But 'tis late. Let's end our Discourse for to-night, and out of an Excess of Charity, take a small Care of that nasty drunken Thing there—Do but look at him, *Belinda*.

Bel. Ay, 'tis a savoury Dish.

L. B. As savoury as 'tis, I'm cloy'd with it. Prithee, call the Butler to take it away.

Bel. Call the Butler?—Call the Scavenger.

To a Servant within] Who's there? Call *Rasor*! Let him take away his Master, scour him clean with a little soap and sand, and so put him to bed.

L. B. Come, *Belinda*, I'll e'en lie with you to-night; and in the Morning we'll send for our Gentlemen to set this Matter even.

Bel. With all my Heart.

L. B. Good-night my Dear. (*Making a low Courtesy.*

Both. Ha, ha, ha.

(*Exeunt.*

Enter Rasor.

My Lady, there's a Wag—My Master, there's a Cuckold, Marriage is a slippery Thing—Women have deprav'd Appetites—My Lady's a Wag; I have heard all; I have seen all; I understand all; and I'll tell all; for my little *Frenchwoman* loves News dearly. This Story'll gain her Heart, or nothing will.

To his Master.) Come, Sir, your Head's too full of Fumes at present, to make room for your Jealousy; but I reckon we shall have rare work with you, when your Pate's empty, Come to your Kennel, you cuckoldy drunken Sot you.

Carries him out upon his back

S C E N E,

S C E N E, *Lady Fancyful's House.**Enter Lady Fancyful and Mademoiselle.*

L. Fan. But, why did not you tell me before, *Mademoiselle*, that *Rasor* and you were fond ?

Mad. De Modesty hinder me, *Matam.*

L. Fan. Why, truly, Modesty does often hinder us from doing Things we have an extravagant Mind to. But does he love you well enough yet, to do any Thing you bid him ? Do you think to oblige you he wou'd speak Scandal ?

Mad. *Matam*, to oblige your Latyship, he shall speak blasphemy.

L. Fan. Why then, *Mademoiselle*, I'll tell you what you shall do. You shall engage him to tell his Master, all that has past at *Spring-Garden* : I have a Mind he shou'd know what a Wife and a Niece he has got.

Mad. *Il le fera, Matam.*

Enter a Footman, who speaks to Mademoiselle apart.

Foot. *Mademoiselle* ; yonder's Mr. *Rasor* desires to speak with you.

Mad. Tell him I come presently. (*Exit Footman.*
Rasor be dare, *Matam.*

L. Fan. That's fortunate : Well, I'll leave you together, and if you find him stubborn, *Mademoiselle*—hark you—don't refuse him a few little reasonable Liberties, to put him into Humour.

Mad. *Laissez moy faire.*

(*Exit L. Fan.*
Rasor peeps in, and seeing *L. Fan.* gone, runs to *Mad.*
takes her about the Neck, and kisses her.

Mad. How now Confidence.

Ras. How now, Modesty.

Mad. Who make you so familiar, Sirrah ?

Ras. My Impudence, Hussy.

Mad. Stand off, Rogue-face.

Ras. Ah—*Mademoiselle*—great News at our House.

Mad. Why, what be de Matter ?

Ras. The Matter ?—Why, Uptails all's the Matter.

Mad. *Tu te mocque de moy.*

Ras. Now do you long to know the Particulars :
The Time when : The Place where : The Manner how :
But I won't tell you a word more.

Mad.

Mad. Nay, den dou kill me, *Rasfer.*

Raf. Come kifs me, then (*Clapping his Hands*

Mad. Nay, Priedee, tell me. *behind him.*

Raf. Good b'wy to ye. (*Going.*

Mad. Hold, hold : I will kifs dee. (*Kissing him.*

Raf. So, That's civil : Why now, my pretty Pall ; my Goldfinch ; my little Waterwagtail—you must know that—Come, kifs me again.

Mad. I won't kifs dee no more.

Raf. Good b'wy to ye.

Mad. Doucement ; Dare : *Es tu content.* (*Kissing him.*

Raf. So : Now I'll tell thee all.

Why, the News is, that Cuckoldom in *Folio*, is newly printed ; and Matrimony in *Quarto*, is just going into the Press ; will you buy any books, *Madamoiselle* ?

Mad. *Tu parles comme un Librair*, de Devil no understand dee.

Raf. Why then, that I may make myself intelligible to a Waiting-woman, I'll speak like a Valet-de-Chambre. My Lady has Cuckolded my Master.

Mad. *Bon.*

Raf. Which we take very ill at her Hands, I can tell her that. We can't yet prove Matter of Fact upon her.

Mad. *N'importe.*

Raf. But we can prove, that Matter of Fact had like to have been upon her.

Mad. *Ouy da.*

Raf. For we have such bloody Circumstances.

Mad. *Sans doute.*

Raf. That any Man of Parts may draw tickling Conclusions from 'em.

Mad. *Fort bien.*

Raf. We have found a Couple of tight well-built Gentlemen stuf into her Ladyship's-Closet.

Mad. *Le Diable.*

Raf. And I, in my particular Person have discover'd a most damnable Plot, how to persuade my poor Master, that all this Hide and Seek, this Will in the Whisp, has no other Meaning than a Christian Marriage for sweet Mrs. *Belinda.*

Mad. *Une Marriage ? — Ah les Drolefs.*

Raf.

Raf. Don't you interrupt me, Hussy; 'tis agreed, I say. And my innocent Lady, to riggle herself out at the Backdoor of the Business, turns Marriage-Bawd to her Niece, and resolves to deliver up her fair Body to be tumbled and mumbled, by that young Liquorish Whiffer, *Heartfree*. Now are you satisfy'd?

Mad. No.

Raf. Right Woman; always gaping for more.

Mad. Dis be all den, dat dou know?

Raf. All? Ay and a great deal too, I think.

Mad. Dou be Fool, dou know noting.

Ecoute mon pouvre Rafor.

Dou sees des two Eyes?—Des two Eyes have see de Devil.

Raf. The Woman's mad.

Mad. In *Spring-Garden*, dat Rogue *Constant* meet dy Lady.

Raf. Bon.

Mad.——I'll tell de no more.

Raf. Nay, prithee my Swan.

Mad. Come kifs me den. (*Clapping her Hands be-*

Raf. I won't kifs you, not I. *hind her as he had*

Mad. Adieu. *done before.*

Raf. Hold—Now proceed. (*Gives her a hearty Kifs.*

Mad. Aca—I hide myself in one cunning Place, where I hear all, and see all. First dy drunken Master come *mal à propos*; but de Sot no know his own dear Wife, so he leave her to her Sport.——

Den de Game begin.

De Lover say soft Ting.

De Lady look upon de Ground.

He take her by de Hand.

She turn her head on oder Way.

Den he squeeze very hard.

Den she pull—very softly.

Den he take her in his Arm.

Den she give him leetel Pat.

Den he kifs her Tettons.

Den she say—Pish, nay, see.

Den he tremble.

Den she—sigh.

Den he pull her into the Arbor.

Den she pinch him.

} *As she speaks Rafor still
acts the Man, and she
the Woman.*

Raf.

Raf. Ay, but not so hard, you baggage you.

Mad. Den he grow bold.

She grow weak.

He tro her down.

Il tombe dessus.

Le Diable assist.

Il emport tout :

Stand off, Sirrah.

Rasor struggles with
her as if he wou'd
throw her down.

Raf. You have set me a fire you Jade you.

Mad. Den go to de River and quench dy self.

Raf. What an unnatural Harlot 'tis.

Mad. Rasor. [Looking languishing on him,

Raf. Mademoiselle.

Mad. Dou no love me.

Raf. Not love thee! — More than a Frenchman does

Soop.

Mad. Den dou will refuse nothing dat I bid dee?

Raf. Don't bid me be damn'd then.

Mad. No; only tell dy Master, all I have tell dee of
dy Laty.

Raf. Why you little malicious Strumpet you, shou'd
you like to be serv'd so?

Mad. Dou dispute den? — Adieu.

Raf. Hold — But why wilt thou make me be such
a Rogue, my Dear?

Mad. *Voila un vrai Anglois! il est amoureux, & copen-*
dant il vent raisonner. Vac en au Diable.

Raf. Hold once more: In hopes, thou'it give me up
thy Body, I resign thee up my Soul.

Mad. *Bon: écoute donc: — If* She takes him about the
dou fail me — I never see dee } Neck, and gives him
more — if thou obey me — *Je m'* } a smacking Kiss.
abandonne à toy (Exit Mad.

Raf. (Licking his Lips.) Not be a Rogue? — *Amor*
vincit omnia. (Exit Rasor.

Enter Lady Fancyful and Mademoiselle.

L. Fan. Marry, say ye? Will the two things marry?

Mad. *On le va faire, Matam.*

L. Fan. Look ye, Mademoiselle, in short, I can't bear
it — No; I find I can't — if once I see 'em in bed toge-
ther, I shall have ten thousand Thoughts in my head will

make me run distracted. Therefore run and call *Rasor* back immediately, for something must be done to stop this impertinent Wedding. If I can defer it but four and twenty Hours, I'll make such work about Town, with that little pert Slut's Reputation, he shall as soon marry a Witch

Mad. (Aside.) La Voila bien intentionée [Exeunt.

S C E N E, *Constant's Lodgings.*

Enter Constant and Heartfree.

Con. But what dost thou think will come of this Business?

Heart. 'Tis easier to think what will not come on't.

Con. What's that?

Heart. A Challenge. I know the Knight too well for that. His dear Body will always prevail upon his noble Soul to be quiet.

Con. But tho' he dare not challenge me, perhaps, he may venture to challenge his Wife.

Heart. Not if you whisper him in the Ear, you won't have him do't? and there's no other way left that I see. For as drunk as he was, he'll remember you and I were where we should not be: And I don't think him quite Blockhead enough yet, to be persuaded we were got in to his Wife's Closet only to peep in her Prayer Book.

Enter Servant with a Letter.

Ser. Sir, here's a Letter, a Porter brought it.

Con. O ho, here's Instructions for us.

Reads) *The Accident that has happen'd has touch'd our Invention to the quick. We wou'd fain come off, without your help; but find that's impossible. In a word, the whole business must be thrown upon a matrimonial Intrigue, between your Friend and mine. But if the Parties are not fond enough to go quite through with the Matter; 'tis sufficient for our Turn, they own the Design. We'll find Pretences enough, to break the Match.* Adieu.

—Well, Woman for Invention: How long wou'd my Blockhead have been producing this?

—Hey, *Heartfree*; what musing man? Prithee be chearful. What say'st thou, Friend, to this matrimonial remedy?

Heart. Why I say, 'tis worse than the Disease.

Con. Here's a Fellow for you: There's beauty and money on her side, and love up to the ears on his; and yet—

Heart.

Heart. And yet, I think, I may reasonably be allow'd to boggle at marrying the Niece, in the very Moment that you are debauching the Aunt.

Con. Why truly, there may be something in that. But have not you a good Opinion enough of your own Parts, to believe you cou'd keep a Wife to yourself?

Heart. I shou'd have, if I had a good Opinion enough of her's, to believe she cou'd do as much by me. For to do them right, after all, the Wife seldom rambles, till the Husband shews her the way.

Con. 'Tis true, a Man of real worth, scarce ever is a Cuckold, but by his own Fault. Women are not naturally lewd, there must be something to urge them to it. They'll cuckold a Churl, out of Revenge; a Fool, because they despise him; a Beast, because they loath him. But when they make bold with a Man they once had a well grounded Value for, 'tis because they first see themselves neglected by him.

Heart. Nay, were I well assur'd, that I shou'd never grow Sir *John*, I ne'er shou'd fear *Belinda*'d play my Lady. But our weakness, thou know'st, my Friend, consists in that very Charge, we so impudently throw upon (indeed) a steadier and more generous Sex.

Con. Why faith we are a little impudent in that matter. that's the Truth on't, But this is wonderful, to see you grown so warm an Advocate for those (but t'other Day) you took so much Pains to abuse.

Heart. All Revolutions run into Extreame: The Bigot makes the boldest Atheist; and the coyest Saint, the most extravagant Strumpet. But prithee advise me in this Good and Evil, this Life and Death; this Blessing and Cursing, that is set before me. Shall I marry—or die a Maid?

Con. Why faith, *Heartfree*, Matrimony is like an Army going to engage. Love's the forlorn Hope, which is soon cut off; the Marriage-knot is the Main-body, which may stand buff a long Time; and Repentance is the Rear-guard, which rarely gives Ground, as long as the main Battle has a being.

Heart. Conclusion then; you advise me to whore on, as you do.

Con. That's not concluded yet. For tho' Marriage be a Lottery, in which there are a wondrous many Blanks; yet there is one inestimable Lot, in which the only Heaven on Earth is written. Wou'd your kind Fate but guide your Hand to that, though I were rapt in all that Luxury itself cou'd cloath me with, I still shou'd envy you.

Heart. And justly too: For to be capable of loving one, doubtless is better than to possess a thousand. But how far that Capacity's in me, alas, I know not.

Con. But you wou'd know?

Heart I wou'd so.

Con. Matrimony will inform you.

Come, one Flight of Resolution carries you to the Land of Experience; where, in a very moderate time, you'll know the Capacity of your Soul and your Body both, or I'm mistaken.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *Sir John Brute's House.*

Enter Lady Brute and Belinda.

Bel. Well, Madam, what Answer have you from 'em?

L. B. That they'll be here this Moment. I fancy 'twill end in a Wedding. I'm sure he's a Fool if it don't. Ten thousand Pound and such a Lafs as you are, is no contemptible Offer to a younger Brother. But are not you under strange Agitations? Prithee how does your Pulse beat?

Bel. High and low; I have much ado to be valiant; Sure it must feel very strange to go to Bed to a Man?

L. B. Um—it does feel a little odd at first, but it will soon grow easy to you.

Enter Constant and Heartfree.

L. B. Good morrow, Gentlemen: How have you slept after your Adventure?

Heart. Some careful Thoughts, Ladies, on your Accounts have kept us waking.

Bel. And some careful Thoughts on your own, I believe, have hindred you from sleeping. Pray how does this matrimonial Project relish with you?

Heart.

Heart. Why faith e'en as storming of Towns does with Soldiers, where the Hopes of delicious Plunder banishes the Fear of being knock'd on the Head,

Bel. Is it then possible after all, that you dare think of downright lawful Wedlock?

Heart. Madam, you have been so fool-hardy, I dare do any Thing.

Bel. Then, Sir, I challenge you; and Matrimony's the Spot where I expect you.

Heartfree. 'Tis enough; I'll not fail.

(Aside) So now I am in for *Hobbe's* Voyage; a great Leap in the Dark.

L. B. Well, Gentlemen, this Matter being concluded then, have you got your Lessons ready? For Sir *John* is grown such an Atheist of late, he'll believe nothing upon easy Terms.

Con. We'll find Ways to extend his Faith, Madam. But pray how do you find him this Morning.

L. B. Most lamentably morose, chewing the Cud after last Night's Discovery; of which however he has but a confus'd Notion e'en now. But I'm afraid the Valet-de-Chambre has told him all, for they are very busy together at this Moment. When I told him of *Belinda's* Marriage, I had no other Answer but a Grunt: From which you may draw what Conclusions you think fit. But to your Notes, Gentlemen, he's here.

Enter Sir John and Raser.

Con. Good-morrow, Sir.

Heart. Good-morrow, Sir *John*. I'm very sorry my Indiscretion shou'd cause so much Disorder in your Family.

Con. Disorders generally come from Indiscretions, Sir; 'tis no strange Thing at all.

L. B. I hope, my Dear, you are satisfied there was no Wrong intended you?

Sir John. None my Dove.

Bel. If not, I hope my Consent to marry Mr. *Heartfree* will convince you. For as little as I know of Amours, Sir, I can assure you, one Intrigue is enough to bring four People together, without further Mischief.

Sir

Sir John. And I know too, that Intrigues tend to Procreation of more Kinds than one. One Intrigue will beget another, as soon as beget a Son or a Daughter.

Con. I am very sorry, Sir, to see you still seem unsatisfied with a Lady, whose more than common Virtue, I am sure, were she my Wife, shou'd meet a better Usage.

Sir John. Sir, if her Conduct has put a Trick upon her Virtue, her Virtue's the Bubble, but her Husband's the Loser.

Con. Sir, you have receiv'd a sufficient Answer already, to justify both her Conduct and mine. You'll pardon me for meddling in your Family Affairs; but I perceive I am the Man you are jealous of, and therefore it concerns me.

Sir John. Wou'd it did not concern me, and then I shou'd not care who it concern'd.

Con. Well, Sir, if Truth and Reason won't content you, I know but one way more, which if you think fit, you may take.

Sir John. Lord, Sir, you are very hasty: If I had been found at Prayers in your Wife's Closet, I shou'd have allow'd you twice as much Time to come to yourself in.

Con. Nay, Sir, if Time be all you want, we have no Quarrel.

Heart. I told you how the Sword wou'd work upon him.

(Sir John muses.)

Con. Let him muse however, I'll lay fifty Pound our Foreman brings us in, not guilty.

Sir John. *(Aside)* 'Tis well—'tis very well—In spite of that young Jade's matrimonial Intrigue, I am a downright stinking Cuckold—Here they are—Boo—Methinks I could butt with a Bull. *(Putting his Hand to his Forehead.)* What the Plague did I marry her for? I knew she did not like me; if she had, she wou'd have lain with me; for I wou'd have done so, because I lik'd her: But that's past, and I have her. And now, what shall I do with her.—If I put my Horns into my Pocket, she'll grow insolent.—If I don't, that Goat there, that Stallion, is ready to whip me through the Guts—The Debate then

is reduc'd to this ; shall I die a Hero ? or live a Rascal ?
—Why, wiser Men than I, have long since concluded,
that a living Dog is better than a dead Lion ———

To Con. and Heart.) Gentlemen, now my Wine and
my Passion are governable, I must own, I have never ob-
serv'd any Thing in my Wife's Course of Life, to back
me in my Jealousy of her : But Jealousy's a Mark of
Love ; so she need not trouble her Head about it, as long
as I make no more words on't.

*Lady Fancyful enters disguis'd, and addresses to Belinda
apart.*

Con. I am glad to see your Reason rule at last, Give
me your Hand, I hope you will look upon me as you
are wont.

Sir John. Your humble Servant. (*Aside.*) A wheedling
Son of a Whore.

Heart. And that I may be sure you are Friends with
me too, pray give me your Consent to wed your Niece.

Sir John. Sir, you have it with all my Heart : Damn
me if you han't (*Aside.*) 'Tis Time to get rid of her ;
A young pert Pimp ; she'll make an incomparable Bawd
in a little Time.

Enter a Servant who gives Heartfree a Letter.

Bel. Heartfree your Husband, say you ? 'tis impossible.

L. Fan. Wou'd to kind Heaven it were : But 'tis too
true ; and in the world there lives not such a Wretch.
I'm young ; and either I have been flatter'd by my
Friends, as well as Glass, or Nature has been kind and
generous to me. I had a fortune too, was greater far
than he could ever hope for. But with my Heart, I am
robb'd of all the rest I'm slighted and I'm beggar'd
both at once. I have scarce a bear Subsistence from the
Villain, yet dare complain to none ; for he has sworn,
if e'er 'tis known I am his Wife, he'll murder me.

(*Weeping.*)

Bel. The Traytor !

L. Fan. I accidentally was told he courted you ; Cha-
rity soon prevail'd upon me to prevent your Misery :
And as you see, I'm still so generous even to him, as
not to suffer he should do a Thing, for which the Law
might take away his Life.

(*Weeping.*)

Bel.

Bel. Poor Creature ; how I pity her !

(They continue talking aside.)

Heart. *(Aside)* Death and Damnation !—Let me read it again. *(Reads)* *Though I have a particular Reason, not to let you know who I am 'till I see you ; yet you'll easily believe 'tis a faithful Friend that gives you this Advice—I have lain with Belinda. (Good) —I have a Child by her, (better and better) which is now at Nurse, (Heaven be prais'd) and I think the Foundation laid for another : (Ha !—Old Truepenny !)—No Rack could have tortur'd this Story from me ; but Friendship has done it. I heard of your Design to marry her, and cou'd not see you abus'd. Make use of my Advice, but keep my Secret 'till I ask you for't again. Adieu.*

[Exit. L. Fan.]

C. *(To Bel)* Come, Madam ; shall we send for the Parson ? I doubt here's no business for the Lawyer : Younger Brothers have nothing to settle but their hearts, and that I believe my Friend here has already done, very faithfully.

Bel. *(Scornfully)* Are you sure, Sir, there are no old Mortgages upon it ?

Heart. *(Coldly)* If you think there are, Madam, it mayn't be amiss to defer the Marriage 'till you are sure they are paid off.

Bel. *(Aside)* How the gall'd Horse kicks !

To Heart. We'll defer it as long as you please, Sir.

Heart. The more time we take to consider on't, Madam, the less apt we shall be to commit Over-sights ; therefore, if you please, we'll put it off for just nine Months.

Bel. Guilty Consciences make Men Cowards : I don't wonder you want time to resolve.

Heart. And they make Women desperate : I don't wonder you were so quickly determin'd.

Bel. What does the Fellow mean ?

Heart. What does the Lady mean ?

Sir John. Zoons, what do you both mean ?

[Heart. and Bel. walk chafing about.]

Ra. *(Aside)* Here is so much sport going to be spoil'd, it makes me ready to weep again. A Pox o' this impertinent

pertinent Lady *Fancyful*, and her Plots, and her French-woman too. She's a whimsical ill-natur'd Bitch, and when I have got my Bones broke in her Service, 'tis ten to one but my Recompence is a Clap; I hear them tit-titering without still. I cod, I'll e'en go lug them both in by the Ears, and discover the Plot to secure my Pardon.

[*Exit. Raf.*]

Con. Prithee explain, *Heartfree*.

Heart. A fair Deliverance; thank my Stars and my Friend.

Bel. 'Tis well it went no farther. A base Fellow!

L. B. What can be the Meaning of all this?

Bel. What's his Meaniug, I don't know. But mine is; that if I had married him—I had had no Husband.

Heart. And what's her Meaning, I don't know. But mine is; That if I had married her—I had had Wife enough.

Sir John. Your People of wit have got such cramp ways of expressing themselves, they seldom comprehend one another. Pox take you both, will you speak that you may be understood.

Enter Rator in Sackloth, pulling in Lady Fancyful, and Madamoiselle.

Raf. If they won't, here comes an Interpreter.

L. B. Heaven! what have we here?

Raf. A Villain—but a repenting Villain. Stuff which Saints in all Ages have been made of.

All. Rator!

L. B. What means this sudden Metamorphose?

Raf. Nothing without my Pardon.

L. B. What Pardon do you want?

Raf. Imprimis, Your Ladyship's; for a damnable Lie made upon your spotless Virtue, and set to the Tune of *Spring Garden*.

To Sir John) Next at my generous Master's Feet I bend, for interrupting his more noble Thoughts with Phantoms of disgraceful Cuckoldom.

To Con.) Thirdly, I to this Gentleman apply, for making him the Hero of my Romance:

To Heart.) Fourthly, your Pardon, noble Sir, I ask, for clandestinely marrying you, without either bidding of Banns.

Banns, Bishop's Licence, Friend's Consent — — or your own Knowledge.

To Bel.) And lastly, to my good young Lady's Clemency I come, for pretending the Corn was sow'd in the Ground, before ever the Plough had been in the Field.

Sir John. (*Aside*) So that after all, 'tis a moot Point, whether I am a Cuckold or not.

Bel. Well, Sir, upon Condition you confess all, I'll pardon you myself, and try to obtain as much from the rest of the Company. But I must know then, who 'tis has put you upon all this Mischief?

Raf. Satan, and his Equipage. Woman tempted me. Lust weaken'd me — And so the Devil overcame me: As fell *Adam*, so fell I.

Bel. Then pray, Mr. *Adam*, will you make us acquainted with your *Eve*?

Raf. (*To Mad.*) Unmask, for the Honour of *France*.

All. *Mademoiselle*!

Mad. Me ask ten Thousand Pardon of all de good Company.

Sir John. Why, this Mystery thickens instead of clearing up.

To Raf.) You Son of a Whore you, put us out of our Pain.

Raf. One Moment brings Sun-shine.

Shewing Mad.) 'Tis true, this is the Woman that tempted me. But this is the Serpent that tempted the woman: And if my Prayers might be heard, her Punishment for so doing, shou'd be like the Serpents of old.

Pulls off L. F's Mask) She shou'd lie upon her Face, all the Days of her Life.

All. Lady *Fancyful*!

Bel. Impertinent!

L. B. Ridiculous!

All. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Bel. I hope your Ladyship will give me leave to wish you Joy, since you have own'd your Marriage yourself.

To Heartfree.) I vow, 'twas strangely wicked in you, to think of another Wife, when you had one already so charming as her Ladyship.

All. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

L. Fan.

L. Fan. (*Aside.*) Confusion seize 'em, as it seizes me!

Mad. *Que le Diable e toute ce Maraut de Rasor.*

Bel. Your Ladyship seems disorder'd: A breeding Qualm, perhaps. Mr. Heartfree, your Bottle of Hungary-water to your Lady. Why, Madam, he stands as unconcern'd, as if he were your Husband in earnest.

L. Fan. Your Mirth's as nauseous as yourse'f, Belinda. You think you triumph o'er a Rival now.

Helas! ma pauvre fille. Where-e'er I'm a Rival, there's no Cause for Mirth. No, my poor Wretch, 'tis from another principle I have acted. I know that Thing there wou'd make so perverse a Husband, and you so impertinent a Wife; that lest your mutual Plagues shou'd make you both run mad, I charitably wou'd have broke the Match. He, he, he, he, he!

(*Exit laughing affectedly. Mademoiselle following her.*)

Mad. He, he, he, he, he!

All. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Sir John. (*Aside.*) Why, now this Woman will be married to somebody too.

Bel. Poor Creature, what a Passion she's in: But I forgive her.

Heart. Since you have so much Goodness for her, I hope you'll pardon my Offence too, Madam.

Bel. There will be no great Difficulty in that, since I am guilty of an equal Fault.

Heart. Then Pardons being past on all Sides, pray, let's to Church to conclude the Day's Work.

Con. But before you go, let me treat you, pray, with a Song, a new-married Lady made within this Week; it may be of use to you both.

S O N G.

I,

When yielding first to Damon's Flame,

I sunk into his Arms,

He swore he'd ever be the same,

Then rifled all my Charms.

But fond of what he'd long desir'd,

Too greedy of his Prey,

My Shepherd's Flame, alas! expir'd

Before the Verge of Day.

E

II.

II.

*My Innocence in Lovers Wars,
 Reproach'd his quick Defeat :
 Confus'd, alham'd, and bath'd in Tears,
 I mourn'd his cold Retreat.
 At length, Ah! Shepherdeſs, cry'd he,
 Wou'd you my Fire renew,
 Alas, you muſt retreat like me,
 I'm loſt if you purſue.*

Heart. So, Madam; now had the Parſon but done his Buſineſs —

Bel. You'd be half weary of your Bargain.

Heart. No, ſure, I might diſpenſe with one Night's Lodging.

Bel. I'm ready to try, Sir.

Heart. Then let's to Church.

And if it be our Chance to diſagree —

Bel. Take heed—The ſurly Huſband's Fate you ſee.



EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Lady BRUTE and BELINDA.

- Lady B. **N**O Epilogue!
- Bel. *I swear I know of none,*
- Lady *Lord! How shall we excuse it to the Town?*
- Bel. *Why, we must e'en say something of our own.*
- Lady. *Our own! Ay, that must needs be precious Stuff.*
- Bel. *I'll lay my Life they'll like it well enough.*
Come, Faith, begin. —
- Lady. *Excuse me, after you.*
- Bel. *Nay, pardon me for that, I know my Cue.*
- Lady. *O for the World, I would not have Precedence.*
- Bel. *O Lord!*
- Lady. *I swear.*
- Bel. *O Fye!*
- Lady. *I'm all Obedience.*
First then, know all, before our Doom is fixt,
The third Day is for us —
- Bel. *Nay and the Sixth.*
- Lady. *We speak not from the Poet now, nor is it*
His Cause — (I want a Rhime)
- Bel. *That we sollicit.*
- Lady. *Then sure you cannot have the Hearts to be severe;*
And damn us —
- Bel. *Damn us! Let 'em if they dare.*
- Lady. *Why, if they shou'd, what Punishment remains?*
- Bel. *Eternal Exile from behind our Scenes.*
- Lady. *But if they're kind, that Sentence we'll recal.*
We can be grateful —
- Bel. *And have wherewithal.*
- Lady. *But at Grand Treaties hope not to be trusted.*
Before Preliminaries are adjusted.
- Bel. *You know the Time, and we appoint this Place;*
Where, if you please, we'll meet and sign the Peace.

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